



A BOOK OF POEMS

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A BOOK OF POEMS

Edmund Spenser

AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE

Ah! whither, Love! wilt thou now carrie mee?
What wontlesse fury dost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
Whylest seeking to aslake thy raging fyre,
Thou in me kindlest much more great desyre,
And up aloft above my strength doest rayse
The wondrous matter of my fyre to prayse.

That as I earst, in praise of thine owne name,
So now in honour of thy Mother deare,
An honourable Hymne I eke should frame, 10
And, with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
The ravisht harts of gazefull men might reare
To admiration of that heavenly light,
From whence proceeds such soule-enchauting might.

Therto do thou, great Goddess! Queene of Beauty,
Mother of Love, and of all worlds delight,
Without whose soverayne grace and kindly dewty
Nothing on earth seemes fayre to fleshly sight,
Doe thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling light
T' illuminate my dim and dulled eyne, 20
And beautifie this sacred hymne of thyne:



That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
And eke to her, whose faire immortall beame
Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,
That now it wasted is with woes extreame,
It may so please, that she at length will streame
Some deaw of grace into my withered hart,
After long sorrow and consuming smart.

What time this worlds great work-maister did cast
To make al things such as we now behold, 30
It seemes that he before his eyes had plast
A goodly Paterne, to whose perfect mould
He fashiond them as comely as he could,
That now so faire and seemely they appeare,
As nought may be amended any wheare.

That wondrous Paterne, wheresoere it bee,
Whether in earth layd up in secret store,
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore; 40
Whose face and feature doth so much excell
All mortall sence, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or lesse, by influence divine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the grosse matter of this earthly myne
Which clotheth it thereafter doth refyne,
Doing away the drosse which dims the light
Of that faire beame which therein is empight.

For, through infusion of celestiall powre, 50
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits privily doth powre
Through all the parts, that to the lookers sight



They seeme to please; That is thy soveraine might,
O Cyprian Queene! which flowing from the beame
Of thy bright starre, thou into them doest streame.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth lively fyre,
Light of thy lampe; which, shyning in the face,
Thence to the soule darts amorous desyre, 60
And robs the harts of those which it admyre;
Therewith thou pointest thy Sons poysned arrow,
That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost
marrow.

How vainely then doe ydle wits invent,
That beautie is nought else but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a sommers shade;
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measurd, with meet disposition! 70

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the hart,
And therein stirre such rage and restlesse stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolours smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part
Move such affection in the inward mynd,
That it can rob both sense, and reason blynd?

Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,
Which are arayd with much more orient hew,
And to the sense most daintie odours yield, 80
Worke like impression in the lookers vew?

Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,
In which oft-times we nature see of art
Exceld, in perfect limming every part?

But ah! beleewe me there is more then so,
That workes such wonders in the minds of men;
I, that have often prov'd, too well it know,
And who so list the like assayes to ken,
Shall find by tryall, and confesse it then,
That Beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme, 90
An outward shew of things that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are sprinckled, shal decay,
And those sweete rosy leaves, so fairely spread
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted clay:
That golden wyre, those sparckling stars so bright,
Shall turne to dust, and loose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestially ray
That light proceedes, which kindleth lovers fire, 100
Shall never be extinguisht nor decay;
But, when the vitall spirits doe expyre,
Unto her native planet shall retyre;
For it is heavenly borne and can not die,
Being a parcell of the purest skie.

For when the soule, the which derived was,
At first, out of that great immortall Spright,
By whom all live to love, whilome did pas
Downe from the top of purest heavens hight
To be embodied here, it then tooke light 110
And lively spirits from that fayrest starre
Which lights the world forth from his fire carre.

EDMUND SPENSER

5

Which powre retayning still or more or lesse,
When she in fleshly seede is eft enraced,
Through every part she doth the same impresse,
According as the heavens have her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
Of th' heavenly riches which she robd erewhyle.

Therof it comes that these faire soules, which
have
The most resemblance of that heavenly light, 121
Frame to themselves most beautifull and brave
Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
And the grosse matter by a souveraine might
Tempers so trim, that it may well be seene
A pallace fit for such a virgin Queene.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight 130
With chearefull grace and amiable sight;
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

Therefore where-ever that thou doest behold
A comely corpse, with beautie faire endewed,
Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soule, with faire conditions thewed,
Fit to receive the seede of vertue strewed;
For all that faire is, is by nature good;
That is a signe to know the gentle blood. 140

Yet oft it falles that many a gentle mynd
 Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,
 Either by chaunce, against the course of kynd,
 Or through unaptnesse in the substance fownd,
 Which it assumed of some stubborne grownd,
 That will not yield unto her formes direction,
 But is deform'd with some foule imperfection.

And oft it falles, (aye me, the more to rew!)
 That goodly beautie, albe heavenly borne,
 Is foule abusd, and that celestially hew, 150
 Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
 Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorne,
 Whilest every one doth seeke and sew to have it
 But every one doth seeke but to deprave it.

Yet nathẽmore is that faire beauties blame,
 But theirs that do abuse it unto ill:
 Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
 May be corrupt, and wrested unto will.
 Nathelesse the soule is faire and beauteous still,
 How ever fleshes fault it filthy make; 160
 For things immortall no corruption take.

But ye, faire Dames! the worlds deare ornaments
 And lively images of heavens light,
 Let not your beames with such disparagements
 Be dimd, and your bright glorie darkned quight;
 But, mindfull still of your first countries sight,
 Doe still preserve your first informed grace,
 Whose shadow yet shynes in your beauteous face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fiẽrbrand;
 Disloiall lust faire beauties foulest blame, 170
 That base affections, which your eares would bland
 Commend to you by loves abused name,



EDMUND SPENSER

7

But is indeede the bondslave of defame;
Which will the garland of your glorie marre,
And quench the light of your bright shyning starre.

But gentle Love, that loiall is and trew,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,
And adde more brightnesse to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire; which, by like way
Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display; 180
Like as two mirroures, by opposd reflexion,
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore, to make your beautie more appeare,
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches which in you ye beare,
That men the more admyre their fountaine may;
For else what booteth that celestiall ray,
If it in darknesse be enshrined ever,
That it of loving eyes be vewed never?

But, in your choice of Loves, this well advize, 190
That likest to your selves ye them select,
The which your forms first sourse may sympathize,
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt;
For, if you loosely love without respect,
It is no love, but a discordant warre,
Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do jarre.

For love is a celestiall harmonie
Of likely harts composd of starres concent,
Which joyne together in sweete sympathie,
To worke ech others joy and true content, 200
Which they have harbourd since their first descent
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see
And know ech other here belov'd to bee.



Then wrong it were that any other twaine
Should in loves gentle band combyned bee
But those whom heaven did at first ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t' agree;
For all, that like the beautie which they see,
Streight do not love; for Love is not so light
As streight to burne at first beholders sight. 210

But they, which love indeede, looke otherwise,
With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,
Drawing out of the object of their eyes
A more refyned forme, which they present
Unto their mind, voide of all blemishment;
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleshs frayle infection.

And then conforming it unto the light,
Which in it selfe it hath remaining still,
Of that first Sunne, yet sparckling in his sight, 220
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill
An heavenly beautie to his fancies will;
And, it embracing in his mind entyre,
The mirrour of his owne thought doth admyre.

Which seeing now so inly faire to be,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his spirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
And fully setteth his felicitie;
Counting it fairer then it is indeede, 230
And yet indeede her fairenesse doth exceede.

For lovers eyes more sharply sighted bee
Then other mens, and in deare loves delight
See more then any other eyes can see,
Through mutuall receipt of beames bright,

All those, O Cytherea! and thousands more 260
Thy handmaidens be, which do on thee attend,
To decke thy beautie with their dainties store,
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,



And make it more admyr'd of foe and frend;
That in mens harts thou mayst thy throne enstall,
And spred thy lovely kingdome over-all.

Then Iō, tryumph! O great Beauties Queene,
Advance the banner of thy conquest hie,
That all this world, the which thy vassals beene,
May draw to thee, and with dew fēaltie 270
Adore the powre of thy great Majestie,
Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,
Compyld by me, which thy poore liegeman am!

In lieu whereof graunt, O great Soveraine!
That she, whose conquering beautie doth captive
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me give,
That I her bounden thrall by her may live,
And this same life, which first fro me she reaved,
May owe to her, of whom I it receaved. 280

And you, faire Venus dearling, my deare dread!
Fresh flowre of grace, great Goddesse of my life,
When your faire eyes these fearefull lines shal read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pynning griefe,
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can restore a damned wight from death.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

11

William Shakespeare

SONNET XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

SONNET XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the fórlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine
 With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
 But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun
 staineth.



SONNET LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-raz'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

John Milton

ODE ON THE
MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

This is the month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.



That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
 And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
 Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high
 council-table 10

To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside; and, here with us to be,
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
 Afford a present to the Infant God? 16

Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcome Him to this His new abode,
 Now while the heav'n, by the sun's team
 untrod,

Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
 bright?

See how from far, upon the eastern road,
 The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode
 And lay it lowly at His blessed feet; 25
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the angel-quire,
 From out His secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN

It was the winter wild,
 While the heaven-born Child 30
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
 Nature in awe to Him
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize:



It was no season then for her 35
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She wooes the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame, 40
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease, 45
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand, 51
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high uphung; 55
The hookèd chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by. 60

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist, 65
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,



JOHN MILTON

15

Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed
wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze, 70
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow, 75
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame, 80
As his inferior flame
The new-enlighten'd world no more should need:
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axle-tree could
bear.

The shepherds on the lawn, 85
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below; 90
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,



As never was by mortal finger strook, 95
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringéd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly
close. 100

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done, 105
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light, 110
That with long beams the shame-faced night
array'd;
The helméd Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire, 115
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born
Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great 120
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;



And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the welt'ring waves their oozy channel
keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres! 125
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony 131
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled vanity 136
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then 141
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen, 145
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down
steering,
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so; 150



- The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both Himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep, 155
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through
the deep,
With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang
While the red fire and smouldering clouds
outbrake:
The aged Earth aghast 160
With terror of that blast
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His
throne.
And then at last our bliss 165
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
The old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpéd sway, 170
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.
The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archéd roof in words deceiving:
Apollo from his shrine 176
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance or breathéd spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.



- The lonely mountains o'er
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
mourn.
In consecrated earth
And on the holy hearth
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight
plaint;
In urns, and altars round
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power forgoes his wonted seat.
Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;
And moonéd Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thamuz
mourn.
And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;

181

185

190

195

200

205

210

The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove, or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings
loud: 215

Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Naught but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
The sable-stoléd sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Juda's land 221
The dreaded infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide, 225
Not Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in His swaddling bands control the damnéd
crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red, 230
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to th' infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted fays 235
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their
moon-lov'd maze.

But see! the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest.



JOHN MILTON

21

Time is, our tedious song should here have
ending:

Heaven's youngest-teeméd star 240
Hath fix'd her polish'd ear,
Her sleeping Lord with hand-maid lamp
attending:

And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable.

LYCIDAS

A LAMENT FOR A FRIEND DROWNED IN HIS PASSAGE
FROM CHESTER ON THE IRISH SEAS, 1637

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, sisters of the sacred well, 15
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.

176 496



Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn, 20
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared 25
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright, 30
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering
wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long, 35
And old Damætas loved to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown, 40
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose, 45
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.



JOHN MILTON

23

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless
deep 50

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream: 55

Ay me, I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son
Whom universal nature did lament, 60
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade, 65
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Næra's hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70
(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears, 75

And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glist'ning foil

Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies, 80
But lives and spreads aloft, by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;



As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed.'
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood, 85
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea; 90
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle
swain?

And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakéd promontory,
They knew not of his story, 95
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark 100
Built in th' eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge 105
Like to that sanguine flow'r inscribed with woe.
'Ah! who hath reft', quoth he, 'my dearest pledge?'
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain, 110
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
'How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake,
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold! 115

Of other care they little reckoning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to
 hold

A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least 120
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are
 sped;

• And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
 But that two-handed engine at the door, 130
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more;

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flow'rets of a thousand hues. 135
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers, 140
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
 The glowing violet, 145
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbipe,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,



And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears, 150
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ah me ! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled, 155
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth :
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth !
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more, 165
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore 170
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walked the waves
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills, 190
And now was dropt into the Western bay;
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

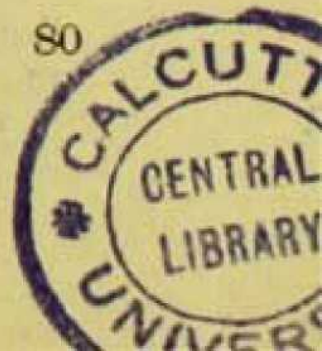
GARDEN OF EDEN

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead up-grew
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend 10
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung;
Which to our general sire gave prospect large

Into his nether empire neighbouring round
 And higher than that wall a circling row
 Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
 Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed;
 On which the sun more glad impressed his beams 20
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
 When God hath showered the earth: so lovely seemed
 That landskip. And of pure now purer air
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness but despair. Now gentle gales,
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils. As, when to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past 30
 Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
 Sabaeon odours from the spicy shore
 Of Araby the Blest, with such delay
 Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
 Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles;
 So entertained those odorous sweets the Fiend
 Who came their bane, though with them better pleased
 Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume
 That drove him, though enamoured, from the spouse
 Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 40
 From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill
 Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow;
 But further way found none; so thick entwined,
 As one continued brake, the undergrowth
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplexed
 All path of man or beast that passed that way.
 One gate there only was, and that looked east

On the other side. Which when the Arch-Felon saw,
Due entrance he disdained, and, in contempt, 50
At one slight bound high overleaped all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve,
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold;
Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barred and bolted fast, fear no assault, 60
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles;
So clomb this first grand Thief into God's fold:
So since into his Church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regained, but sat devising death
To them who lived; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only used
For prospect what, well used, had been the pledge 70
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
Beneath him, with new wonder, now he views,
To all delight of human sense exposed,
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth; yea, more!—
A Heaven on Earth: for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in the east
Of Eden planted. Eden stretched her line
From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,



Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordained.
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life, 90
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by—
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had thrown
That mountain, as his garden-mould, high raised
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Watered the garden; thence united fell 100
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crispèd brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 110
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrownd the noontide bowers. Thus was this place,



A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable—Hesperian fables true, 125
If true, here only—and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall 130
Down the slope hills dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis 140
Was gathered—which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world—nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne, by Orontes and the inspired
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle,
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
Hid, Amalthea, and her florid son,
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor, where Abassin kings their issue guard, 150



Mount Amara (though this by some supposed
True Paradise) under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight and strange.
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
God-like erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seemed lords of all, 160
And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure—
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;
For contemplation he and valour formed,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace:
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declared 170
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She, as a veil down to the slender waist,
Her unadornèd golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils—which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received
Yielded, with coy submission, modest pride, 180
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then concealed;
Then was not guilty shame. Dishonest shame
Of Nature's works, honour dishonourable,



Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
 With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
 And banished from man's life his happiest life.
 Simplicity and spotless innocence!
 So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight
 Of God or Angel; for they thought no ill: 190
 So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met—
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve.

(From *Paradise Lost*, Bk. IV.)

John Dryden

MAC FLECKNOE

All human things are subject to decay,
 And when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey.
 This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
 Was called to empire, and had governed long;
 In prose and verse was owned, without dispute, 5
 Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
 This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
 And blessed with issue of a large increase,
 Worn out with business, did at length debate
 To settle the succession of the state: 10
 And pond'ring which of all his sons was fit
 To reign and wage immortal war with wit,
 Cried, "'Tis resolved; for Nature pleads that he
 Should only rule who most resembles me.
 Shadwell alone my perfect image bears, 15



Mature in dulness from his tender years :
Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense. 20
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye, 25
And seems designed for thoughtless majesty :
Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain.
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology. 30
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
And coarsely clad in Norwich drugget came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung 35
When to King John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-timed oars before the royal barge,
Swelled with the pride of thy celestial charge, 40
And, big with hymn, commander of an host;
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpened thumb from shore to shore 45
The treble squeaks for fear, the basses roar;
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,



JOHN DRYDEN

35

Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand. 50

St. André's feet ne'er kept more equal time,

Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Psyche's* rhyme;

Though they in number as in sense excel:

So just, so like tautology, they fell,

That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore 55

The lute and sword which he in triumph bore,

And vowed he ne'er would act Villerius more.

Here stopped the good old sire and wept for joy,

In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.

All arguments, but most his plays, persuade 60

That for anointed dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind

(The fair Augusta much to fears inclined)

An ancient fabric raised to inform the sight

There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight; 65

A watch-tower once, but now, so Fate ordains,

Of all the pile an empty name remains.

From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,

Scenes of lewd loves and of polluted joys,

Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep, 70

And, undisturbed by watch, in silence sleep.

Near these a nursery erects its head,

Where queens are formed and future heroes bred,

Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry,

Where infant punks their tender voices try, 75

And little Maximins the gods defy.

Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,

Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;

But gentle Simkin just reception finds

Amidst this monument of vanished minds; 80

Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,

And Panton waging harmless war with words.

Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,



Ambitiously designed his Shadwell's throne.
For ancient Dekker prophesied long since • 85
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit and flail of sense,
To whom true dulness should some *Psyches* owe,
But worlds of *Misers* from his pen should flow;
Humorists and *Hypocrites* it should produce, 90
Whole Raymond families and tribes of Bruce.

Now Empress Fame had published the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Roused by report of Fame, the nations meet
From near Bunhill and distant Watling street. 95
No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,
But scattered limbs of mangled poets lay:
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost choked the way.
Bilked stationers for yeomen stood prepared, 100
And Herringman was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appeared
High on a throne of his own labours reared.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sat,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state. 105
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness played around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his sire a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain, 110
That he till death true dulness would maintain,
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office and as priest by trade. 115
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;

Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practised
young, 120

And from whose loins recorded *Psyche* sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seemed to consecrate his head.
Just at that point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly. 125

So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.

The sire then shook the honours of his head, 130
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood:

'Heavens bless my son! from Ireland let him reign 135
To far Barbadoes on the western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond *Love's Kingdom* let him stretch his pen!'

He paused, and all the people cried 'Amen'. 140
Then thus continued he: 'My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.

Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let *Virtuosos* in five years be writ, 145

Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly show the writer's wit. 150



Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let 'em be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known, 155
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee and differing but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpose
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose. 160
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou wouldst cull,
Trust nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy best and top; and in each line
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine.
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill, 165
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name;
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise. 170
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part;
What share have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein, 175
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?
When did his Muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Etheridge dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfused, as oils on waters flow;
His always floats above, thine sinks below. 180
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which one way to dulness 'tis inclined,

Which makes thy writings lean on one side still, 185
 And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
 Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence
 Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
 A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
 But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit. 190
 Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
 Thy tragic Muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.
 With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
 Thy inoffensive satires never bite;
 In thy felonious heart though venom lies, 195
 It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
 Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
 In keen iambics, but mild anagram.
 Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
 Some peaceful province in Acrostic land. 200
 There thou may'st wings display and altars raise,
 And torture one poor word ten thousand ways:
 Or, if thou would'st thy different talents suit,
 Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute.'
 He said, but his last words were scarcely heard, 205
 For Bruce and Longville had a trap prepared,
 And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
 Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
 Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
 The mantle fell to the young prophet's part 210
 With double portion of his father's art.



A SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY

November 22, 1687.

1

From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony
This universal frame began:
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay
And could not heave her head, 5
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's pow'r obey. 10
From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony
This universal frame began:
From Harmony to Harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man. 15

2

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?



JOHN DRYDEN

41

3

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thund'ring drum
Cries 'Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!'

25

30

4

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

35

5

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion
For the fair disdainful dame.

40

6

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

45



Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre: 50
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her Organ vocal breath was given,
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd—
Mistaking Earth for Heaven!

Grand Chorus

As from the power of sacred lays 55
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above;

So, when the last and dreadful hour 60
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

ACHITOPHEL, ABSALOM AND ZIMRI

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages cursed:
For close designs, and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity; 10
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
 He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
 Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
 Punish a body which he could not please,
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
 And all to leave what with his toil he won 20
 To that unfeathered two-legg'd thing, a son,
 Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
 In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state;
 To compass this the triple bond he broke,
 The pillars of the public safety shook,
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
 Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name. 30
 So easy still it proves in factious times
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
 How safe is treason and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's will,
 Where crowds can wink and no offence be known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their own!
 Yet, fame deserved, no enemy can grudge;
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin,
 With more discerning eyes or hands more clean, 40



Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress;
Swift of dispatch and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown,
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land. 50
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contrived long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his Prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulked behind the laws.
The wished occasion of the Plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes; 60
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the King himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments! which, yet he knew full well,
Were strong with people easy to rebel.
For, governed by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews:
And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord. 70
Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalon:
Not that he wished his greatness to create,
(For politicians neither love nor hate):

But, for he knew his title not allowed,
Would keep him still depending on the crowd,
That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.

Him he attempts with studied arts to please
And sheds his venom in such words as these: 80

'Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
Some royal planet ruled the southern sky,
'Thy longing country's darling and desire,
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire,
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas and shows the promised land,
Whose dawning day in every distant age
Has exercised the sacred prophet's rage,
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision and the old men's dream! 90
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
And, never satisfied with seeing, bless:
Swift, unspoken pomps, thy steps proclaim,
And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name.
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign?
Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
Like one of virtue's fools that feeds on praise;
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright
Grow stale and tarnish with our daily sight. 100
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
Or gathered ripe, or rot upon the tree.
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate:
Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill,
(For human good depends on human will,)



Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent
And, from the first impression, takes the bent;
But, if unseized, she glides away like wind
And leaves repenting folly far behind. 110
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize
And spreads her locks before her as she flies.
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
Not dared, when fortune called him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And Heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his successful youth your hopes engage,
But shun the example of declining age.
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapours-rise. 120
He is not now, as when, on Jordan's sand,
The joyful people thronged to see him land,
Covering the beach and black'ning all the strand:
But like the Prince of Angels, from his height,
Comes tumbling downward with diminished light:
Betrayed by one poor plot to public scorn,
(Our only blessing since his curst return,)
Those heaps of people, which one sheaf did bind,
Blown off and scattered by a puff of wind.
What strength can he to your designs oppose, 130
Naked of friends, and round beset with foes?
If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,
A foreign aid would more incense the Jews;
Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring,
Foment the war, but not support the King;
Nor would the royal party e'er unite
With Pharaoh's arms to assist the Jebusite;
Or, if they should, their interest soon would break
And, with such odious aid, make David weak.



JOHN DRYDEN

47

All sorts of men, by my successful arts,
Abhorring kings, estrange their altered hearts
From David's rule: and 'tis the general cry,
Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.

140

If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Israel hope, and what applause
Might such a general gain by such a cause?
Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flower,
Fair only to the sight, but solid power;
And nobler is a limited command,

150

Given by the love of all your native land,
Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.

What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
When flattery soothes and when ambition blinds?
Desire of power, on earth a vicious weed,
Yet, sprung from high is of celestial seed;
In God 'tis glory, and when men aspire,
'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire.

The ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angel's metal in his frame,

160

Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honour and debauched with praise.
Half loth and half consenting to the ill,
(For loyal blood within him struggled still),
He thus replied: 'And what pretence have I
To take up arms for public liberty?

My father governs with unquestioned right,
The faith's defender and mankind's delight,
Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws;

170

And Heaven by wonders has espoused his cause.
Whom has he wronged in all his peaceful reign?
Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?



What millions has he pardoned of his foes
Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose?
Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good,
Inclin'd to mercy and averse from blood.
If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.
What could he gain his people to betray, 180
Or change his right for arbitrary sway?
Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.
Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel and run popularly mad?
Were he a tyrant, who by lawless might
Oppressed the Jews and raised the Jebusite,
Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands 190
Would curb my spirits and restrain my hands;
The people might assert their liberty;
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes and outruns desire;
What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives.
And that'—But there he paused, then sighing said
'Is justly destined for a worthier head;
For when my father from his toils shall rest 200
And late augment the number of the blest,
His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
Or the collateral line, where that shall end.
His brother, though oppressed with vulgar spite,
Yet dauntless and secure of native right,
Of every royal virtue stands possest,
Still dear to all the bravest and the best.

His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim,
 His loyalty the King, the world his fame.
 His mercy even the offending crowd will find, 210
 For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.
 Why should I then repine at Heaven's decree
 Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
 Yet, oh that Fate, propitiously inclined,
 Had raised my birth or had debased my mind,
 To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
 And then betrayed it to a mean descent!
 I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
 And David's part disdains my mother's mould.
 Why am I scanted by a niggard birth? 220
 My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth,
 And, made for empire, whispers me within,
 Desire of greatness is a god-like sin.'

Him staggering so when Hell's dire agent found,
 While fainting virtue scarce maintained her ground.
 He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:

'The eternal God, supremely good and wise,
 Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain.
 What wonders are reserved to bless your reign!
 Against your will your arguments have shown, 230
 Such virtue's only given to guide a throne.
 Not that your father's mildness I contemn,
 But manly force becomes the diadem.
 'Tis true he grants the people all they crave,
 And more perhaps than subjects ought to have:
 For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame
 And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.
 But when should people strive their bonds to break,
 If not when kings are negligent or weak?
 Let him give on till he can give no more, 240
 The thrifty Sanhedrin shall keep him poor;



And every shekel which he can receive
Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.
To ply him with new plots shall be my care,
Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;
Which when his treasure can no more supply,
He must with the remains of kingship buy.
His faithful friends our jealousies and fears
Call Jebusites and Pharaoh's pensioners,
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn, 250
He shall be naked left to public scorn.
The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the State.
Turned all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gained our elders to pronounce a foe
His right, for sums of necessary gold,
Shall first be pawned, and afterwards be sold;
Till time shall ever-wanting David draw
To pass your doubtful title into law.
If not, the people have a right supreme 260
To make their kings, for kings are made for them
All empire is no more than power in trust,
Which, when resumed, can be no longer just.
Succession, for the general good designed,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind:
If altering that the people can relieve,
Better one suffer than a nation grieve.
The Jews well know their power: ere Saul they chose,
God was their King, and God they durst depose.
Urge now your piety, your filial name, 270
A father's right and fear of future fame;
The public good, that universal call,
To which even Heaven submitted, answers all.
Nor let his love enchant your generous mind;
'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her kind.

Our fond begetters, who would never die,
 Love but themselves in their posterity.
 Or let his kindness by the effects be tried.
 Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.
 God said, He loved your father; could He bring 280
 A better proof than to anoint him King?
 It surely showed, He loved the shepherd well
 Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.
 Would David have you thought his darling son?
 What means he then to alienate the crown?
 The name of godly he may blush to bear;
 'Tis after God's own heart to cheat his heir.
 He to his brother gives supreme command,
 To you a legacy of barren land:
 Perhaps the old harp on which he thrums his lays 290
 Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.
 Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
 Already looks on you with jealous eyes,
 Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
 And marks your progress in the people's hearts;
 Though now his mighty soul its grief contains,
 He meditates revenge who least complains;
 And like a lion, slumbering in the way
 Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey.
 His fearless foes within his distance draws, 300
 Constrains his roaring and contracts his paws,
 Till at the last, his time for fury found,
 He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground;
 The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
 But with a lordly rage his hunters tears;
 Your case no tame expedients will afford,
 Resolve on death or conquest by the sword,
 Which for no less a stake than life you draw,
 And self-defence is Nature's eldest law.



Leave the warm people no considering time, 310
For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
Prevail yourself of what occasion gives,
But try your title while your father lives;
And, that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the King's defence;
Whose sacred life each minute would expose
To plots from seeming friends and secret foes.
And who can sound the depth of David's soul?
Perhaps his fear his kindness may control:
He fears his brother, though he loves his son, 320
For plighted vows too late to be undone.

Doubt not: but, when he most affects the frown,
Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.
Secure his person to secure your cause:
They who possess the Prince possess the laws.'

He said, and this advice above the rest
With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
Unblamed of life (ambition set aside),
Not stained with cruelty nor puffed with pride.
How happy had he been, if Destiny 330
Had higher placed his birth or not so high!
His kingly virtues might have claimed a throne
And blessed all other countries but his own;
But charming greatness since so few refuse.
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love,
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the plot.
To further this, Achitophel unites 340
The malcontents of all the Israelites,

Whose differing parties he could wisely join
 For several ends to serve the same design:
 The best (and of the princes some were such),
 Who thought the power of monarchy too much,
 Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts,
 Not wicked, but seduced by impious arts;
 By these the springs of property were bent
 And wound so high, they cracked the government
 The next for interest sought to embroil the state, 350
 To sell their duty at a dearer rate,
 And make their Jewish markets of the throne,
 Pretending public good to serve their own.
 Others thought kings an useless heavy load,
 Who cost too much and did too little good.
 These were for laying honest David by
 On principles of pure good husbandry.
 With them joined all the haranguers of the throng
 That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
 Who follow next a double danger bring, 360
 Not only hating David, but the King;
 The Solymaeen rout, well versed of old
 In godly faction and in treason bold,
 Cowering and quaking at a conqueror's sword.
 But lofty to a lawful prince restored,
 Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun
 And scorned by Jebusites to be outdone.
 Hot Levites headed these; who pulled before
 From the ark, which in the Judges' days they bore,
 Resumed their cant, and with a zealous cry 370
 Pursued their old beloved theocracy,
 Where Sanhedrin and priest enslaved the nation
 And justified their spoils by inspiration;
 For who, so fit for reign as Aaron's race,
 If once dominion they could found in grace?



These led the pack; though not of surest scent,
Yet deepest mouthed against the government.
A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed;
Of the true old enthusiastic breed:
'Gainst form and order they their power employ, 380
Nothing to build and all things to destroy.
But far more numerous was the herd of such
Who think too little and who talk too much.
These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
Adored their fathers' God and property,
And by the same blind benefit of Fate,
The Devil and the Jebusite did hate:
Born to be saved even in their own despite,
Because they could not help believing right.
Such were the tools; but a whole Hydra more 390
Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking, 400
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgement, in extremes:
So over-violent or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.



Beggared by fools whom still he found too late, 410
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel;
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

(From *Absalom and Achitophel*, Part I)

Alexander Pope

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err; 10

Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much:
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!



Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides; 20
Instruct the planets in what orb to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach eternal wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool! 30

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we show an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas, what wonder! man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art; 40
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity or dress
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;



ALEXANDER POPE

57

Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts; 50
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all Good, to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires:
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise. 70
Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend.



Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains. 80

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r: 90
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

Modes of self-love the passions we may call:
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide:
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name. 100

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
 Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in His work unite:
 These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
 But what composes man, can man destroy?
 Suffice that reason keep to nature's road.
 Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
 Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
 Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
 These mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind: 120
 The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
 Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
 And, when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
 Present to grasp, and future still to find,
 The whole employ of body and of mind.
 All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
 On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
 Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
 As strong or weak the organs of the frame; 130
 And hence one master passion in the breast,
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

(From *An Essay on Man*, Epistle II)

**Thomas Gray**

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

A Pindaric Ode

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take :
The laughing flowers, that round them blow, 5
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :
Now rolling down the steep amain, 10
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

O Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares 15

And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curbed the fury of his car,
And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand 20
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey 25
Tempered to thy warbled lay.

O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crownéd Loves are seen



On Cytherea's day;
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures, 30
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet. 35
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move 40
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate! 45
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry 50
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of
war.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam, 55
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat 60



In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame. 65

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Maeander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rins creep, 70
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around:
Every shade and hallowed fountain 75
Murmured deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains. 80
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed, 85
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless Child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
'This pencil take' (she said), 'whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year: 90
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;



Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

Nor second He, that rode sublime 95
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.

He passed the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze, 100
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race, 105
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding
pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn. 110

But ah! 'tis heard no more—
O! lyre divine! what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear, 115

Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun: 120

Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.



THE BARD

A Pindaric Ode

'RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!

Confusion on thy banners wait!

Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing

They mock the air with idle state.

Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,

Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail

To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,

From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!

—Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride

Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,

As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side

He wound with toilsome march his long array:—

Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance;

'To arms!' cried Mortimer, and couched his
quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow

Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood, *River of Wales*

Robed in the sable garb of woe,

With haggard eyes the poet stood;

(Loose his beard and hoary hair

Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air;)

And with a master's hand and prophet's fire

Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:

'Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave

Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!

O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,

Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;

Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,

To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

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Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,

That hushed the stormy main:

Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed;

Mountains, ye mourn in vain

Modred, whose magic song

Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.

On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,

Smeared with gore and ghastly pale:

Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;

The famished eagle screams, and passes by.

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,

Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—

No more I weep. They do not sleep;

On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,

I see them sit; they linger yet,

Avengers of their native land:

With me in dreadful harmony they join,

And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

“Weave the warp and weave the woof,

The winding-sheet of Edward's race:

Give ample room and verge enough

The characters of hell to trace.

Mark the year and mark the night

When Severn shall re-echo with affright

The shrieks of death through Berkley's roof that

ring, 55

Shrieks of an agonizing king!

She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs

That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,

From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs



The scourge of heaven! What terrors round him
wait! 60

Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies! 65

No pitying heart, no eye, afford

A tear to grace his obsequies.

Is the sable warrior fled? *The black prince.*

Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.

The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?

—Gone to salute the rising morn. 70

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,

While proudly riding o'er the azure realm

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes: *overdecorated*

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway, 75

That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

“Fill high the sparkling bowl, *Prepare rich*
The rich repast prepare; *feast.*

Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:

Close by the regal chair 80

Fell Thirst and Famine scowl

A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.

Heard ye the din of battle bray,

Lance to lance, and horse to horse?

Long years of havoc urge their destined course, 85

And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,

With many a foul and midnight murder fed,

Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,

And spare the meek usurper's holy head!

He was murdered here.

The queen of Henry the 6th.



THOMAS GRAY

67

Above, below, the rose of snow,

Twined with her blushing foe, we spread: *the white rose*

The bristled boar in infant-gore

Wallows beneath the thorny shade. *A reference to*

Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom, *murder of*

Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom. *Edward*

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate

(Weave we the woof; The thread is spun; *see end*

Half of thy heart we consecrate.

(The web is wove; The work is done.)" *the wife*

Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn *Edward*

Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn;

In yon bright track that fires the western skies

They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

But O! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height 105

Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,

Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail:—

All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue, hail! 110

Girt with many a baron bold

Sublime their starry fronts they rear;

And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old

In bearded majesty, appear.

In the midst a form divine!

Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line: *115*

Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face

Attempered sweet to virgin-grace. *A reference to the Virgin Mary*

What strings symphonious tremble in the air, *Elizabeth*

What strains of vocal transport round her play? 120

Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;

They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.



Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-coloured wings.

'The verse adorn again 125

Fierce War, and faithful Love,

And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.

In buskined measures move

Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,

With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.

A voice as of the cherub-choir

Gales from blooming Eden bear,

And distant warblings lessen on my ear,

That lost in long futurity expire.

Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine

cloud 135

Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?

Tomorrow he repairs the golden flood

And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

Enough for me: with joy I see

The different doom our fates assign:

140

Be thine despair and sceptred care;

To triumph and to die are mine.'

—He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height

Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

Collins

ODE TO EVENING

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song

May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear,

Like thy own solemn springs,

Thy springs, and dying gales;



O Nymph reserved,—while now the bright-hair'd
sun 5

Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts
With brede ethereal wove
O'erhang his wavy bed;

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing, 10
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,—
Now teach me, maid composed, 15
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As musing slow I hail
Thy genial loved return. 20

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge 25
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.



Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells, 30
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That, from the mountain's side, 35
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires;
And hears their simple bell; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil. 40

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves, 45
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace, 50
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!



Robert Burns

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

My loved, my honour'd, much respected friend!
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end;
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
 Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there,
 I ween!

November chill blows loud wi' angry sough; 10
 The shortening winter-day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
 The blackening trains o' craws to their repose:
 The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does
 hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree: 20
 The expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher
 through
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnilie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lispin' infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun',
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie
 rin 30

A cannie errand to a neibor town:
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
 The social hours, swift-wing'd unnoticed fleet;
 Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears; 40
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new—
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
 The youngers a're warnèd to obey;
 An' mind their labours 'wi' an eydent hand,
 And ne'er, though out o'sight, to jauk or play:



“And oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway, 50
And mind your duty, duly, morn an’ night!
Lest in temptation’s path ye gang astray
Implore His counsel and assisting might;
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord
aright!”

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o’ the same,
Tells how a neibor lad cam o’er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny’s e’e, and flush her cheek; 60
Wi’ heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased, the mother hears it’s nae wild,
worthless rake.

Wi’ kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
A strappin’ youth; he tak’s the mother’s eye;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit’s no ill ta’en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster’s artless heart o’erflows wi’ joy,
But blate an’ laithfu’, scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi a woman’s wiles, can spy 70
What makes the youth sae bashfu’ an’ sae
grave;
Weel-pleased to think her bairn’s respected
like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures!—bliss beyond compare!
I’ve pacèd much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—



'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale, 80
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
evening gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth—
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts, dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction
wild? 90

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the
bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face, 100
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, 'wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:

• His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide—
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And 'Let us worship God!' he says, with solemn
 air.

'They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest
 aim: 110

Perhaps 'Dundee's' wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive 'Martyrs,' worthy of the name;
 Or noble 'Elgin' beets the heavenward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
 The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page—
 How Abram was the friend of God on high!
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage 120
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
 How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head: 130
 How His first followers and servants sped;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:



How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by
Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL
KING,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing'
That thus they all shall meet in future
days: 140

There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal
sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert, 150
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well-pleased, the language of the soul;
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way:
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request

That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride, 160
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide;
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine
 preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur
 springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 'An honest man's the noblest work of God:'
 And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
 What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load, 170
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet
 content!
 And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile;
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while, 180
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved
 isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted
 heart,
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die—the second glorious part,



(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
 O never, never Scotia's realm desert;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and
 guard! 190

William Wordsworth

LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON
 REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING
 A TOUR. JULY 13, 1798

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
 Of five long winters! and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
 With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs, 5
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view 10
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines 15
 Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
 Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

79

Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

20

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure; such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

25

30

35

40

45



If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft— 50
 In darkness and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee, 55
 O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
 How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought, Partial
 With many recognitions dim and faint, faded memory
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity, of the 60 past!
 The picture of the mind revives again: Sad confusion
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
 That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope, 65
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was
 when first
 I came among these hills; when like a roe
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
 Wherever nature led: more like a man 70
 Flying from something that he dreads than one
 Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
 And their glad animal movements all gone by)
 To me was all in all.—I cannot paint 75
 What then I was. The sounding cataract Roaring water
 Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock, fa
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite: a feeling and a love, 80



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

81

That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,

And all its aching joys are now no more, *joys so entire*
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this

85

Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts .

Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,

Abundant recompense. For I have learned

To look on nature, not as in the hour

Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes

90

The still, sad music of humanity,

Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power

purify To chasten and subdue. And I have felt *conquer*

A presence that disturbs me with the joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime

95

Of something far more deeply interfused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:

A motion and a spirit, that impels

100

All thinking things, all objects of all thought,

And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,

And mountains; and of all that we behold

From this green earth; of all the mighty world

105

Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,

And what perceive; well pleased to recognize

In nature and the language of the sense

The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul

110

Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,

If I were, not thus taught, should I the more

Suffer my genial spirits to decay:



For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river: thou my dearest Friend, 115
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once, 120
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform 125
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgements, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all 130
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk; 135
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure: when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms, 140
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me, 145
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear



Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
 Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream 150
 We stood together; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came
 Unwearied in that service: rather say
 With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget 155
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

ODE

ON

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS
 OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

The Child is father of the Man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

I

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
 The earth, and every common sight,

To me did seem

Apparelled in celestial light,

The glory and the freshness of a dream. 5

It is not now as it hath been of yore:—

Turn wheresoe'er I may,

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more.



II

The rainbow comes and goes, 10
And lovely is the Rose,
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair; 15
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound 20
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep; 25
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,

The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea 30
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy! 35



IV

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal, 40
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.

Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling 45
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with Joy I hear! 50
—But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat: 55
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting, 60
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,



But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home: 65
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy; 70
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away, 75
And fade into the light of common day.

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim, 80
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses, 85
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light-upon him from his father's eyes!



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart, 87
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd art;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral;
 And this hath now his heart, 95
 And unto this he frames his song:
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside, 100
 And with new joy and pride
 The little Actor cons another part;
 Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage; 105
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy Soul's immensity;
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep 110
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest, 115
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
 A Presence which is not to be put by; . 120



Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife? 125
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live, 130
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest; 135
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise; 140
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised, 145
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised.
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may, 150
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,



Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake, 155
To perish never:
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy! 160
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither, 165
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound! 170
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright 175
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind; 180



In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death, 185
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight 190
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet; 195
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live, 200
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.



And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd * 30
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control; 35
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same. 40

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds, 45
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend 50
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of Truth thy bondman let me live.

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
 For comfort, being, as I am, opprest
 To think that now our life is only drest
 For show; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,
 Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook 5
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest;
 The wealthiest man among us is the best:
 No grandeur now in Nature or in book
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
 This is idolatry; and these we adore: 10
 Plain living and high thinking are no more:
 The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

LONDON, 1802

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower 5
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men:
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:



Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free; 11
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link 5
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths; 10
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion which they made, 15
It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there. 20

If this belief from heaven be sent,
 If such be Nature's holy plan,
 Have I not reason to lament
 What man has made of man?

 BY THE SEA

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun
 Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea: 5
 Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
 Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
 If thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought, 10
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
 And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

 ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN
 REPUBLIC

Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee,
 And was the safeguard of the West; the worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
 Venice, the eldest child of liberty.
 She was a maiden city, bright and free; 5



Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine;
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood 15
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam—
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

S. T. Coleridge

CHRISTABEL

PART THE FIRST

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
 And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
 Tu-whit—Tu-whoo!
 And hark, again! the crowing cock,
 How drowsily it crew!

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
 Hath a toothless mastiff, which
 From her kennel beneath the rock
 Maketh answer to the clock,
 Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour; 10
 Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
 Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
 Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
 The night is chilly, but not dark. 15
 The thin grey cloud is spread on high,
 It covers but not hides the sky.



The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is grey; 20
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late, 25
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away. 30

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest mistletoe;
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree, 35
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is, she cannot tell.— 40
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air 45

To move away the ringlet curl
 From the lovely lady's cheek—
 There is not wind enough to twirl
 The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
 That dances as often as dance it can, 50
 Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
 On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
 Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
 She folded her arms beneath her cloak, 55
 And stole to the other side of the oak.

What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
 Drest in a silken robe of white,
 That shadowy in the moonlight shone: 60
 The neck that made that white robe wan,
 Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
 Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were
 And wildly glittered here and there
 The gems entangled in her hair. 65

I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
 A lady so richly clad as she—
 Beautiful exceedingly!

'Mary mother, save me now!'
 (Said Christabel) 'And who art thou?' 70
 The lady strange made answer meet,
 And her voice was faint and sweet:—

'Have pity on my sore distress,
 I scarce can speak for weariness:
 Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!' 75
 Said Christabel, 'How cam'st thou here?'
 And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
 Did thus pursue her answer meet:—



'My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine: 80
Five warriors seized me yestermorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind, 85
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white;
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be; 90
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced, I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive. 95
Some muttered words his comrades spoke:
He placed me underneath this oak,
He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past, 100
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand' (thus ended she),
'And help a wretched maid to flee.'

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand
And comforted fair Geraldine: 105
'O well, bright dame! may you command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free 110
Home to your noble father's hall.'



She rose; and forth with steps they passed
That strove to be, and were not, fast.

Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel: 115

'All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell;
Sir Leoline is weak in health
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth, 120
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight, 125
All in the middle of the gate;

The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main 130
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear, 135
They crossed the court: right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side,

'Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!' 140
'Alas, alas!' said Geraldine,

'I cannot speak for weariness.'
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.



*explains
y holes*
Outside her kennel, the mastiff old 145
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never, till now she uttered yell 150
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

✓ They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will! 155
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
✓ But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye, 160
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
'O softly tread,' said Christabel,
'My father seldom sleepeth well.' 165

✓ Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And jealous of the listening air
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room, 170
As still as death with stifled breath!
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.
/ The moon shines dim in the open air, 175
And not a moonbeam enters here.



But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain, 180
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

{ The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim. 185
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

'O weary lady, Geraldine, 190
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers.'

'And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?' 195
Christabel answered—'Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the grey-haired friar tell,
How on her deathbed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell 200
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.

{ O mother dear! that thou wert here!
'I would,' said Geraldine, 'she were!'
J But soon with altered voice, said she—
'Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine. 205
I have power to bid the flee.'
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?



Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
J And why with hollow voice cries she, 210
'Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me.'

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue— 215
'Alas!' said she, 'this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!'
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, "'Tis over now!'

Again the wild-flower wine she drank: 220
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright;
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée. 225

And thus the lofty lady spake—
'All they, who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befell, 230
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.'

Quoth Christabel, 'So let it be!' 235
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress;
And lay down in her loveliness.



But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close;
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

240

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side—
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

245

250

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
Deep from within she seems half-way
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
Then suddenly as one defied
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the Maiden's side!—
And in her arms the maid she took,

255

260

Ah wel-a-day!

And with low voice and doleful look

265

These words did say:

'In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!



Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know tomorrow,
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow; 270
But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heard'st a low moaning, 275
And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair:
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in
charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.'

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE FIRST

It was a lovely sight to see
The lady Christabel, when she 280
Was praying at the old oak tree;
Amid the jagged shadows
Of mossy leafless boughs,
Kneeling in the moonlight,
To make her gentle vows; 285
Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast;
Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
Her face, oh call it fair, not pale,
And both blue eyes more bright than clear, 290
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is— 295

O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild, 300
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine— 305
✓/Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu—whoo!
Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and fell! 310

And see! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes: and tears she sheds— 315
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess, 320
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And, if she move unquietly,
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free,
Comes back and tingles in her feet. 325



No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 'twere,
What if she knew her mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
(That saints will aid if men will call: 330
For the blue sky bends over all!)

FROST AT MIDNIGHT

THE Frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owlet's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood, 10
This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings-on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit 20
By its own moods interprets, everywhere
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.



But O! how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering *stranger*! and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day, 30
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt
Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams!
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book:
Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up, 40
For still I hoped to see the *stranger's* face,
Townsmen, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the intersperséd vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore, 50
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But *thou*, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags



Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God 60
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops
fall 70

Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

Lord Byron

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Canto IV

I.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred
isles!

II

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean, *carlin 10 goddess*
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was;—her daughters had their dowers *carlin 20*
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

III

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more, *one of the greatest*
And silent rows the songless gondolier; *of Italy*
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore, *ordinary*
And music meets not always now the ear: *20*



Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.

(States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die.)

Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,

The pleasant place of all festivity,

Amusement The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy! *the happiest and merriest place in Italy*

IV

But unto us she hath a spell beyond

Her name in story, and her long array *line*

Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms *despond* *30* *despair*

little of the Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway; *mean*

of the Ours is a trophy which will not decay *memorial*

little of Venice With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor, *Othello, the Moor.*

a hero of the And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—

the drama The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,

or way. For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

V

The beings of the mind are not of clay;

Essentially immortal, they create

And multiply in us a brighter ray

And more beloved existence: that which Fate 40

Prohibits to dull life, in this our state

Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied,

First exiles, then replaces what we hate;

Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,

And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

VI.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,

The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy;

And this worn feeling peoples many a page,

And, may be, that which grows beneath mine eye:



Yet there are things whose strong reality
 Outshines our fairy-land; in shape and hues
 More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
 And the strange constellations which the Muse
 O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse:

50
 Contradict
 ideas in
 same str

VII

I saw or dream'd of such,—but let them go,—
 They came like truth, and disappear'd like dreams;
 And whatsoe'er they were—are now but so:
 I could replace them if I would; still teems
 My mind with many a form which aptly seems
 Such as I sought for, and at moments found;
 Let these too go—for waking Reason deems
 Such overweening phantasies unsound,
 And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

personal n
 disa

Autobiograph
 rough.

filled with

60

thinks.

52409-

VIII

I've taught me other tongues, and in strange eyes
 Have made me not a stranger; to the mind
 Which is itself, no changes bring surprise;
 Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find
 A country with—ay, or without mankind;
 Yet was I born where men are proud to be,—
 Not without cause; and should I leave behind
 The inviolable island of the sage and free,
 And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,

70

52409-

IX

Perhaps I loved it well: and should I lay
 My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
 My spirit shall resume it—if we may
 Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine holy place.



My hopes of being remember'd in my line
 With my land's language: if too fond and far
 These aspirations in their scope incline,—
 If my fame should be, as my fortunes are, 80
 Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar *forgetfulness*

X

My name from out the temple where the dead
 Are honour'd by the nations—let it be—
 And light the laurels on a loftier head!
 And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
one made by "Sparta hath many a worthier son than he." *Brasidas*
father of Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need; *Brasidas*
idas, king of The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree *refer to*
the I planted: they have torn me, and I bleed: *this can*
 I should have known what fruit would spring from *sorrow of* 90 *suffering*
 such a seed.)

XI

band (wife) less The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;
 And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,
ne of the state The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
used by the Neglected garment of her widowhood!
to celebrate the St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
the marriage of Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,
with the sea Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued *the German*
 And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour *Emperor*
 When Venice was a queen with an unequall'd dower. *Frederick*
Barbarossa.

XII

legged favour
derick The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—100 *Francis*
Barossa, for An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt; *Francis*
ough to the Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
e of Suabia



Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt
 From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
 The sunshine for a while, and downward go
 Like lauwine loosen'd from the mountain's belt;
 Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo! ^{one of the greater leaders of Venice}
 Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

XIII

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass, war-horses
 Their gilded collars glittering in the sun; 110
 But is not Doria's menace come to pass? ^{the threat of Doria a famous admiral}
 Are they not bridled?—Venice, lost and won, ^{Genoa which the rival power}
 Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
 Sinks, like a seaweed, into whence she rose!
 Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and shun,
 Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
 From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

XIV

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre; ^{centre of commerce}
 Her very by-word sprung from victory,
 The "Planter of the Lion," which through fire 120
 And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea;
 Though making many slaves, herself still free,
 And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite; ^{Ottoman Turkey}
 Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye ^{testify to the}
 Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight! ^{situated in the gulph of Corinth in Greece}
 For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight. ^{spoils}
^{everlasting sea}

XV

Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file ^{broken into pieces}
 Of her dead Doges are declined to dust;
 But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile ^{magnificent building}
 Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust, 130
^{show}



Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
 Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,
 Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
 Too oft remind her who and what inthrals, *keeps under subject*
 Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls.
cast

XVI

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse, *the capital of Sicily*
 And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war,
hands of captive Andean soldiers Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse, *Athenian music.*
 Her voice their only ransom from afar: *the doal song from tragic dramas.*
 See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car 140
 Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins *stop*,
 Fall from his hands, his idle scimitar *short oriental curved sword.*
 Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains,
 And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains.

XVII

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,
 Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
 Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,
 Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
 Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot
 Is shameful to the nations,—most of all, 150
Albion name Albion! to thee: the Ocean queen should not
England. Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall
or save. Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

XVIII

I loved her from my boyhood; she to me
 Was as a fairy city of the heart,
 Rising like water-columns from the sea,
 Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
English drama And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art.
Romantic period. *she was a great Romantic writer.* A famous German poet and dramatist.



Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
 Although I found her thus, we did not part; 160
 Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
 Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

XIX

I can repeople with the past—and of
 The present there is still for eye and thought,
 And meditation chasten'd down, enough;
 And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought;
 And of the happiest moments which were wrought *woven*
 Within the web of my existence, some
 From thee, fair Venice! have their colours caught:
 There are some feelings Time cannot benumb, 170 *deaden*
 Nor Torture shake, or mine would now be cold and
 dumb.

XX

But from their nature will the tannen grow *fir tree*.
 Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,
 Rooted in barrenness, where nought below
 Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks
which will Of eddying storms; yet springs the trunk, and
1512-1515 mocks
 The howling tempest, till its height and frame
 Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks
 Of bleak, gray granite into life it came,
 And grew a giant tree;—the mind may grow the
 same. 180

XXI

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
 Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
 The bare and desolated bosoms: mute
 The camel labours with the heaviest load,



And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd *given*
 In vain should such example be; if they,
 Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
 Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
 May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

XXII

(All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd, 190
 Even by the sufferer; and, in each event,
led up again Ends: Some, with hope replenish'd and rebuoy'd, *sustained again*
 Return to whence they came—with like intent,
 And weave their web again; some, bow'd and bent,
grow Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time,
 And perish with the reed on which they leant;
 Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,
 According as their souls were form'd to sink or climb.)

XXIII

by now and then But ever and anon of griefs subdued
 There comes a token like a scorpion's sting, *(200) 20100*
 Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued; *saturated*
 And slight withal may be the things which bring *(513)*
 Back on the heart the weight which it would fling *get rid of*
 Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
 A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—
 A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly
 bound;

XXIV

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
 Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
 But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface *disappear*
 The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,

baneful influence of grief

Byron and all his trouble and inner-conflict face to
the nature and human history and great men are the
of the III and the cantos **LONG BYRON**— says one of the one
his Canto he gives personal approach and view of the
in some historical illusion and general truth. Hence it
Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,

When least we deem of such, calls up to view

The sceptres whom no exorcism can bind,—^{expulsion of}

The cold, the changed, perchance the dead—^{by magic incan}anew,

The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many! yet
how few!

i. (L.B.C.) "child Harold's pilgrimage is a winy veil
autobiography" — Discuss —

How would you characterise Byron's treatment of hi
in the last canto (10)?

The here disappears altogether in the last canto on other
2 did not directly mention "g", but "child Harold." But

particular Canto Byron is speaking not of Harold but of hi
wrote in one letter that his readers were comming
of the distinction between creator and the creation. H
a poet removes that distinction here.

DEDICATION

Bob Southey! You're a poet—Poet-laureate,

And representative of all the race;

Although 'tis true that you turn'd out a Tory at

Last,—yours has lately been a common case;

And now, my Epic Renegade! what are ye at?

With all the Lakers, in and out of place?

A nest of tuneful persons, to my eye

Like "four and twenty Blackbirds in a pye;

II

"Which pye being open'd they began to sing"

(This old song and new simile holds good), 10

"A dainty dish to set before the King,"

Or Regent, who admires such kind of food;—

And Coleridge, too, has lately taken wing,

But like a hawk encumber'd with his hood,—

Explaining metaphysics to the nation—

I wish he would explain his Explanation.



III

You, Bob! are rather insolent, you know,
At being disappointed in your wish
To supersede all warblers here below,
And be the only Blackbird in the dish; 20
And then you overstrain yourself, or so,
And tumble downward like the flying fish
Gasping on deck, because you soar too high, Bob,
And fall, for lack of moisture quite a-dry, Bob!

IV

And Wordsworth, in a rather long "Excursion"
(I think the quarto holds five hundred pages),
Has given a sample from the vasty version
Of his new system to perplex the sages;
'Tis poetry—at least by his assertion,
And may appear so when the dog-star rages— 30
And he who understands it would be able
To add a story to the Tower of Babel.

V

You—Gentlemen! by dint of long seclusion
From better company, have kept your own
At Keswick, and, through still continued fusion
Of one another's minds, at last have grown
To deem as a most logical conclusion,
That Poesy has wreaths for you alone:
There is a narrowness in such a notion,
Which makes me wish you'd change your lakes
for ocean. 40



VI

I would not imitate the petty thought,
Nor coin my self-love to so base a vice,
For all the glory your conversion brought,
Since gold alone should not have been its price.
You have your salary: was't for that you wrought?
And Wordsworth has his place in the Excise.
You're shabby fellows—true—but poets still,
And duly seated on the immortal hill.

VII

Your bays may hide the baldness of your brows—
Perhaps some virtuous blushes;—let them go— 50
To you I envy neither fruit nor boughs—
And for the fame you would engross below,
The field is universal, and allows
Scope to all such as feel the inherent glow:
Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and Crabbe, will try
'Gainst you the question with posterity.

VIII

For me, who, wandering with pedestrian Muses,
Contend not with you on the winged steed,
I wish your fate may yield ye, when she chooses,
The fame you envy, and the skill you need; 60
And recollect a poet nothing loses
In giving to his brethren their full meed
Of merit, and complaint of present days
Is not the certain path to future praise.



IX

He that reserves his laurels for posterity
 (Who does not often claim the bright reversion)
Has generally no great crop to spare it, he
 Being only injured by his own assertion;
And although here and there some glorious rarity
 Arise like Titan from the sea's immersion, 70
The major part of such appellants go
To—God knows where—for no one else can know.

X

If, fallen in evil days on evil tongues,
 Milton appealed to the Avenger, Time,
If Time, the Avenger, execrates his wrongs,
 And makes the word "Miltonic" mean "*sublime*,"
He deign'd not to belie his soul in songs,
 Nor turn his very talent to a crime;
He did not loathe the Sire to laud the Son,
But closed the tyrant-hater he begun. 80

XI

Think'st thou, could he—the blind Old Man—arise,
 Like Samuel from the grave, to freeze once more
The blood of monarchs with his prophecies,
 Or be alive again—again all hoar
With time and trials, and those helpless eyes,
 And heartless daughters—worn—and pale—and poor;
Would *he* adore a sultan? *he* obey
The intellectual eunuch Castlereagh?



XII

Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid miscreant!
Dabbling its sleek young hands in Erin's gore, 90
And thus for wider carnage taught to pant,
Transferr'd to gorge upon a sister shore,
The vulgarest tool that Tyranny could want,
With just enough of talent, and no more,
To lengthen fetters by another fix'd,
And offer poison long already mix'd.

XIII

An orator of such set trash of phrase
Ineffably—legitimately vile,
That even its grossest flatterers dare not praise,
Nor foes—all nations—condescend to smile; 100
Not even a sprightly blunder's spark can blaze
From that Ixion grindstone's ceaseless toil,
That turns and turns to give the world a notion
Of endless torments and perpetual motion.

XIV

A bungler even in its disgusting trade,
And botching, patching, leaving still behind
Something of which its masters are afraid,
States to be curb'd, and thoughts to be confined,
Conspiracy or Congress to be made—
Cobbling at manacles for all mankind— 110
A tinkering slave-maker, who mends old chains,
With God and man's abhorrence for its gains,



XV

If we may judge of matter by the mind,
 Emasculated to the marrow *It*
 Hath but two objects, how to serve, and bind,
 Deeming the chain it wears even men may fit,
 Eutropius of its many masters,—blind
 To worth as freedom, wisdom as to wit,
 Fearless—because *no* feeling dwells in ice.
 Its very courage stagnates to a vice. 120

XVI

Where shall I turn me not to *view* its bonds,
 For I will never *feel* them;—Italy!
 Thy late reviving Roman soul desponds
 Beneath the lie this State-thing breathed o'er thee—
 Thy clanking chain, and Erin's yet green wounds,
 Have voices—tongues to cry aloud for me.
 Europe has slaves, allies, kings, armies still,
 And Southey lives to sing them very ill.

XVII

Meantime, Sir Laureate, I proceed to dedicate,
 In honest simple verse, this song to you. 130
 And, if in flattering strains I do not predicate,
 'Tis that I still retain my "buff and blue;"
 My politics as yet are all to educate:
 Apostasy's so fashionable, too,
 To keep *one* creed's a task grown quite Herculean:
 Is it not so, my Tory, Ultra-Julian?

[From *Don Juan*]

**P. B. Shelley**

SEMICHORUS OF SPIRITS

Semichorus I

The path through which that lovely twain
Have past, by cedar, pine, and yew,
And each dark tree that ever grew,
Is curtained out from Heaven's wide blue;
Nor sun, nor moon, nor wind, nor rain,
Can pierce its interwoven bowers,
Nor aught, save where some cloud of dew,
Drifted along the earth-creeping breeze,
Between the trunks of the hoar trees,
Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers 10
Of the green laurel, blown anew;
And bends, and then fades silently,
One frail and fair anemone:
Or when some star of many a one
That climbs and wanders through steep night,
Has found the cleft through which alone
Beams fall from high those depths upon
Ere it is borne away, away,
By the swift Heavens that cannot stay,
It scatters drops of golden light, 20
Like lines of rain that ne'er unite:
And the gloom divine is all around,
And underneath is the mossy ground.

Semichorus II

There the voluptuous nightingales,
Are awake through all the broad noonday.
When one with bliss or sadness fails,
And through the windless ivy-boughs,
Sick with sweet love, droops dying away .



On its mate's music-panting bosom;
Another from the swinging blossom, 30
Watching to catch the languid close
Of the last strain, then lifts on high
The wings of the weak melody,
'Till some new strain of feeling bear
The song, and all the woods are mute;
When there is heard through the dim air
The rush of wings, and rising there
Like many a lake-surrounded flute,
Sounds overflow the listener's brain
So sweet, that joy is almost pain. 40

Semichorus I

There those enchanted eddies play
Of echoes, music-tongued, which draw,
By Demogorgon's mighty law,
With melting rapture, or sweet awe,
All spirits on that secret way;
As inland boats are driven to Ocean
Down streams made strong with mountain-thaw;
And first there comes a gentle sound
To those in talk or slumber bound,
And wakes the destined soft emotion, 50
Attracts, impels them; those who saw
Say from the breathing earth behind
There steams a plume-uplifting wind
Which drives them on their path, while they
Believe their own swift wings and feet
The sweet desires within obey:
And so they float upon their way,
Until, still sweet, but loud and strong,
The storm of sound is driven along,



Sucked up and hurrying as they fleet
Behind, its gathering billows meet
And to the fatal mountain bear
Like clouds amid the yielding air.

60

[From *Prometheus Unbound*]

LIBERTY.

I

The fiery mountains answer each other;
Their thunderings are echoed from zone to zone;
The tempestuous oceans awake one another,
And the ice-rocks are shaken round Winter's zone,
When the clarion of the Typhoon is blown.

II

From a single cloud the lightning flashes,
Whilst a thousand isles are illumined around,
Earthquake is trampling one city to ashes,
An hundred are shuddering and tottering; the sound
Is bellowing underground. 10

III

But keener thy gaze than the lightning's glare,
And swifter thy step than the earthquake's tramp;
Thou deafenest the rage of the ocean; thy stare
Makes blind the volcanoes; the sun's bright lamp
To thine is a fen-fire damp.

IV.

From billow and mountain and exhalation
The sunlight is darted through vapour and blast;
From spirit to spirit, from nation to nation,
From city to hamlet thy dawning is cast,—
And tyrants and slaves are like shadows of night 20
In the van of the morning light.

TO NIGHT

I

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

II

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day; 10
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!



III

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest, 20
I sighed for thee.

IV

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
No, not thee!

V

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon— 30
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!



HYMN OF APOLLO

I

The sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
Curtained with star-enwoven tapestries
From the broad moonlight of the sky,
Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,—
Waken me when their Mother, the gray Dawn,
Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

II

Then I arise, and climbing Heaven's blue dome,
I walk over the mountains and the waves,
Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam;
My footsteps pave the clouds with fire; the caves 10
Are filled with my bright presence, and the air
Leaves the green Earth to my embraces bare.

III

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day;
All men who do or even imagine ill
Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
Good minds and open actions take new might,
Until diminished by the reign of Night.

IV

I feed the clouds, the rainbows and the flowers
With their ethereal colours; the moon's globe 20
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers
Are cinctured with my power as with a robe;
Whatever lamps on Earth or Heaven may shine,
Are portions of one power, which is mine.



V

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,
Then with unwilling steps I wander down
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even;
For grief that I depart they weep and frown:
What look is more delightful than the smile
With which I soothe them from the western isle ? 30

VI

I am the eye with which the Universe
Beholds itself and knows itself divine;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine are mine,
All light of art or nature;—to my song
Victory and praise in their own right belong.

ADONAIIS

I

I weep for Adonais—he is dead!
O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers, 5
And teach them thine own sorrow, say: 'With me
Died Adonais; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!'



II

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay, 10
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness? where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath 15
Rekindled all the fading melodies,
With which, like flowers that mock the corse
beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of Death.

III

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep! 20
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
Descend;—oh, dream not that the amorous Deep 25
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our
despair.

IV

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania!—He died,
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain, 30
Blind, old, and lonely when his country's pride,
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,



Trampled and mocked with many a loathed rite
 Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
 Into the gulf of death; but his clear Sprite 35
 Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons
 of light.

V

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
 Not all to that bright station dared to climb;
 And happier they their happiness who knew,
 Whose tapers yet burn through that night of 40
 time
 In which suns perished; others more sublime,
 Struck by the envious wrath of man or god,
 Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
 And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
 Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's
 serene abode. 45

VI

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has
 perished—
 The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
 Like a pale flower by some sad maiden
 cherished.
 And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew;
 Most musical of mourners, weep anew! 50
 Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
 The bloom, whose petals nipped before they
 blew
 Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
 The broken lily lies--the storm is overpast.

The love which was its music, wander not,—
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there, whence they sprung; and
 mourn their lot
Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet
 pain, 80
They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home
 again.

X

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold
head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and
cries;
' Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes, 85
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some Dream has loosened from his
brain.'

Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!

She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its
rain. 90

XI

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs as if embalming them;
Another clipped her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem; 95
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and winged reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak;
And dull the barbed fire against his frozen cheek.

XII

Another Splendour on his mouth alit, 100
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the
breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded
wit,
And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp
death
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips; 105
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night
clips,
It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to
its eclipse.

XIII

And others came . . . Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies, 110
Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering
Incarnations
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes, 115
Came in slow pomp;—the moving pomp might
seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

XIV

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet
 sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought 120

Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the
ground,
Dimmed the aërial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay, 125
And the wild Winds flew round, sobbing in their
dismay.

XV

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green
 spray, 130

Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds :—a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen
 hear. 135

XVI

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she
threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,
For whom should she have waked the sullen
year?
To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear 140
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou, Adonais: wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears; odour, to sighing
rath.



XVII

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale, 145
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty
nest, 150
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced -thy innocent
breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly
guest!

XVIII

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year; 155
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead
Seasons' bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and
brere; 160
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance
awake.

XIX

Through wood and stream and field and hill and
Ocean
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has
burst
As it has ever done, with change and motion, 165

From the great morning of the world when first
God dawned on Chaos; in its stream immersed.
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;
Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight 170
The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

XX

The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit
tender,
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death, 175
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath;
Nought we know, dies. Shall that alone which
knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning?—th' intense atom glows
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold
repose. 180

XXI

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been.
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean 185
Meet massed in death, who lends what life
 must borrow.
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the
 morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake
 year to sorrow.



XXII

He will awake no more, oh, never more! 190
'Wake thou,' cried Misery, 'childless Mother,
rise
Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
A wound more fierce than his, with tears and
sighs.'
And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,
And all the Echoes whom their sister's song 195
Had held in holy silence, cried: 'Arise!'
Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour
sprung.

XXIII

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs
Out of the East, and follows wild and drear 200
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;
So saddened round her like an atmosphere 205
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

XXIV

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
Through camps and cities rough with stone, and
steel,
And human hearts, which to her aery tread 210
Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell:



XXVII

'O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert, 235
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh, where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear? 240
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee
like deer.

XXVIII

'The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead; 245
The vultures to the conqueror's banner true
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion;—how they fled,
When, like Apollo, from his golden bow
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped 250
And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow,
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying
low.

XXIX

'The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gathered into death, without a dawn, 255
And the immortal stars awake again;

So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared
its light 260
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night.'

XXX

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,
 Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;
 The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
 Over his living head like Heaven is bent, 265
 An early but enduring monument,
 Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
 In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
 The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
 And Love taught Grief to fall like music from his
 tongue. 270

XXXI

Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,
A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness, 275
Actaeon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued; like raging hounds, their father and
their prey.



XXXII

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift— 280
 A Love in desolation masked;—a Power
 Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce uplift
 The weight of the superincumbent hour;
 It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
 A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak 285
 Is it not broken? On the withering flower
 The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
 The life can burn in blood, even while the heart
 may break.

XXXIII

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
 And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue; 290
 And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
 Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
 Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
 Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
 Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of that
 crew 295
 He came the last, neglected and apart;
 A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.

XXXIV

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
 Smiled through their tears; well knew that
 gentle band
 Who, in another's fate now wept his own, 300

As in the accents of an unknown land
He sung new sorrow; sad Urania scanned
The Stranger's mien, and murmured: 'Who
 art thou?'
He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow, -305
Which was like Cain's or Christ's.—Oh! that it
 should be so!

XXXV

What softer voice is hushed over the dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown ?
What form leans sadly o'er the white deathbed,
In mockery of monumental stone, 310
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed one;
Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice. 315

XXXVI

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself disown:
It felt, yet could escape, the magic tone 320
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong.
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre
unstrung.



XXXVII

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame! 325
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow: 330
Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;
Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now

XXXVIII

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion kites that scream below; 335
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.—
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow 340
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth
of shame.

XXXIX

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep 345
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife



Invulnerable nothings.—*We* decay
 Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
 Convulse us and consume us day by day, 350
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our
 living clay.

XL

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,
 Can touch him not and torture not again; 355
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn. 360

XLI

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
 Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,
 Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan! 365
 Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
 Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
 O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

XLII

He is made one with Nature: there is heard 370
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
 He is a presence to be felt and known



In darkness and in light, from herb and stone, *
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move 375
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

XLIII

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear 380
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling
there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear; 385
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's
light.

XLIV

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb, 390
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it; for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there 395
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.



XLV

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal
thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale,—his solemn agony had not 400
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell and as he lived and loved
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reprov'd. 405

XLVI

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
'Thou art become as one of us,' they cry, 410
'It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an Heaven of Song.
Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our
throng!'

XLVII

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh, come forth, 415
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth;
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might .



Satiate the void circumference: then shrink 420
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light lest it make thee sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to
the brink.

XLVIII

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
Oh, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis nought 425
That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend,—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gathered to the kings of thought 430
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

XLIX

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains
rise, 435
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead 440
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread;



L

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilions the dust of him who planned 445
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of
death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished
breath. 450

LI

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find 455
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

LII

The One remains, the many change and pass; 460
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows
fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,



Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost
 seek! 465

Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are weak
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to
 speak.

LIII

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my
 Heart?
 Thy hopes are gone before: from all things
 here 470

They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
 A light is passed from the revolving year,
 And man, and woman; and what still is dear
 Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
 The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers
 near: 475

'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
 No more let Life divide what Death can join
 together.

LIV

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
 That Beauty in which all things work and move,
 That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse 480
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
 Which through the web of being blindly wove
 By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst; now beams on
 me, 485

Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.



II

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man; 10
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to
freeze,
Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails: 15
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and
mails.

III

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden
tongue 20
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
But no—already had his death-bell rung:
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among 25
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to
grieve.

IV

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft, 30
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,



Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice
rests, 35
With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise
on their breasts.

V

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting faerily.
The brain, new-stuffed in youth, with triumphs
gay 40
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and winged St Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times
declare. 45

VI

They told her how, upon St Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright; 50
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties; lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they
desire.



VII

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline: 55
 The music, yearning like a God in pain,
 She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
 Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
 Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
 Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier, 60
 And back retired; not cooled by high disdain.
 But she saw not: her heart was elsewhere;
 She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the
 year.

VIII

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
 Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and
 short: 65
 The hallowed hour was near at hand: she sighs
 Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort
 Of whisperers in anger or in sport;
 'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
 Hoodwinked with faery fancy; all amort, 70
 Save to St Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
 And all the bliss to be before tomorrow morn.

IX

So, purposing each moment to retire,
 She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
 Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire 75
 For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
 Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and
 implores



All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen; 80
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth
such things have been.

X

He ventures in: let no buzzed whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's feverous citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes, 85
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execration howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul. 90

XI

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland. 95
He startled her: but soon she knew his face,
And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, 'Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this
place;
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty
race!



XII

'Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hilde-
brand; 100

He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
Then, there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away.'—'Ah, Gossip dear, 105
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how'—'Good Saints! not here, not
here;

Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy
bier.'

XIII

He followed through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume; 110
And as she muttered 'Well-a—well-a-day!'
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
'Now tell me where is Madeline,' said he,
'O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom 115
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St Agnes' wool are weaving piously.'

XIV

'St Agnes! Ah! it is St Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days.
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve, 120
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,



To venture so: it fills me with amaze
 To see thee, Porphyro!—St Agnes' Eve!
 God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
 This very night: good angels her deceive! 125
 But let me laugh awhile,—I've mickle time to
 grieve.'

XV

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
 While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
 Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
 Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book, 130
 As spectacted she sits in chimney-nook.
 But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
 His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
 Tears, at the thought of those enchantments
 cold,
 And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old. 135

XVI

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
 Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
 Made purple riot: then doth he propose
 A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
 'A cruel man and impious thou art: 140
 Sweet lady! let her pray, and sleep and dream
 Alone with her good angels, far apart
 From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem
 Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst
 'seem.'



XVII

'I will not harm her, by all saints I swear!' 145
Quoth Porphyro: 'O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last
prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face.
Good Angela, believe me, by these tears; 150
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fanged than
wolves and bears.'

XVIII

'Ah why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard
thing, 155
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never missed.' Thus plaining, doth she
bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing, 160
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

XIX

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy. 165
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,



While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met, 170
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous
debt.

XX

'It shall be as thou wishest,' said the Dame:
'All cates and dainties shall be stored there
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour
frame
Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare, 175
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in
prayer
The while. Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the
dead.' 180

XXI

So saying she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly passed;
The dame returned, and whispered in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last 185
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed and
chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her
brain.



XXII

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade, 196
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turned, and down the aged gossip led 195
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed
and fled.

XXIII

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died: 200
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side; 205
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

XXIV

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries,
Of fruits and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass, 210
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,



Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings, 215
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens
and kings.

XXV

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest, 220
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal
taint. 225

XXVI

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmèd jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees: 230
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.



XXVII

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest, 235
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
Until the popped warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothèd limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain; 240
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

XXVIII

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress, 245
And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness, 250
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo!—how
fast she slept!

XXIX

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon 255
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!

The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:— 260
The half-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

XXX

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanchèd linen, smooth, and lavendered,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd: 265
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spicèd dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon. 270

XXXI

These delicates he heaped with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathèd silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retirèd quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.— 275
'And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
Open thine eyes, for meek St Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache.'

XXXII

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervèd arm 280
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as icèd stream:



The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies : 285
It seemed he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entailed in woofèd phantasies.

XXXIII

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be, 290
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence called 'La belle dame sans mercy':
Close to her ear touching the melody;—
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan:
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly 295
Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured
stone.

XXXIV

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh expelled 300
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep.
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh,
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joinèd hands and piteous eye, 305
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.



XXXV

'Ah, Porphyro!' said she, 'but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear : 310
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh, leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to
go.' 315

XXXVI

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose 320
Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarum, pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St Agnes' moon hath
set.

XXXVII

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet. 325
'This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!
'Tis dark: the icèd gusts still rave and beat:
'No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine! .



Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring? 330
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;—
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing.'

XXXVIII

'My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest? 335
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil-dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famished pilgrim,—saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest, 340
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

XXXIX

'Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from faery land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;— 345
The bloated wassailers will never heed;—
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead.
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be, 350
For o'er the southern 'moors I have a home for thee.'



XL

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears.
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found; 355
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horsemen, hawk, and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor. 360

XLI

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall!
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide, 365
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:—
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

XLII

And they are gone; ay, ages long ago 370
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests with shade and form



Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
 Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old 375
 Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform;
 The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
 For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

*picturesqueness—
 pictorial effect in Keat's poem.
 influence of Greek mythology upon Keat.*

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains *discomfort*
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk, *A plant with a*
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains *poisonous juice*
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk: *forgetfulness*
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot, 5
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees, *dryad—a wood*
 In some melodious plot *nymph*
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease. *This phrase is* 10
Keat's own creation.

insensibility
 O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green, *golden flowers*
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
 O for a beaker full of the warm South, 15
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene, *A fountain is*
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim, *in the temple*
 And purple-stained mouth;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim. 20

*this stanza is a
 very strange
 feeling*

*this word has been repeated
 because he has to forget his
 physical existence.*



Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget

What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret

Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs, 25

Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies; *ghost*

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow

And leaden-eyed despairs; *Keats was at a very common idea of the want to forget his*

Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes, *which is full of*

Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow. 30 *the world of love*

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,

Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards, *the poet is here himself with his*

But on the viewless wings of Poesy,

Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:

Already with thee! tender is the night, 35

And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,

Clustered around by all her starry Fays;

But here there is no light,

Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown

Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy

ways. 40

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet, *against self-idea*

Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs, *more is better*

But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet *another's appearance in*

Wherewith the seasonable month endows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild; 45

White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine; *a kind of wild*

Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves; *on this point*

And mid-May's eldest child, *stanzas are of*

The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine, *harmony of did*

The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves. 50 *kind of image*



Darkling I listen; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die, 55
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod. 60

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird! *not individual*
 No hungry generations tread thee down; *nightingale, but*
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard *as a*
 In ancient days by emperor and clown: *species - but*
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path *how he takes root in*
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home, *an individual - so there*
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn; *in the valley of*
 The same that oft-times hath *65*
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam *enchanted*
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.) *fast* 70

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell *this is the key-word.*
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf *fairy.*
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades 75
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep? 80

the ideal far surpasses the real in beauty, and a
makes the ideal a thing of joy for ever in the mind
of man.



JOHN KEATS

173

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,

Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,

Sylvan historian, who canst thus express

A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:

What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape

Of deities or mortals, or of both,

In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?

What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?

What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard,

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;

Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;

Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,

Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;

She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,

For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed

Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;

And, happy melodist, unwearied,

For ever piping songs for ever new;

More happy love! more happy, happy love!

For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,

For ever panting, and for ever young;

All breathing human passion far above,

That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,

A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Life has the unique advantage of being real but
suffers from the disadvantage of decay and sacrifice



Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?

What little town by river or seashore,

Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?

And, little town, thy streets for evermore

Will silent be; and not a soul to tell

Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

40

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede

Of marble men and maidens overwrought,

With forest branches and the trodden weed;

(Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought

As doth eternity) Cold Pastoral!

When old age shall this generation waste,

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,

'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

50

easy intoxication of senses is not found here

illustrate Keats's power of verbal magic
pictorial and plastic, Keats as a literary artist

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty." — " :
Explain the meaning of the paradox and show how
Keats brings it out in this poem in a 'Greek way'

This is a famous romantic poem of Victorian age. In the "Ulysses" he well expresses his own character, but this is a particular poem



LORD TENNYSON

175

Lord Tennyson

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

has been legible
very simple
and descriptive

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by

To many-tower'd Camelot; *the city where King Arthur had his court*
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river

10

A familiar description given by many poets, shelly, Keats

Flowing down to Camelot.

Four grey walls, and four grey towers, *a touch of gloom and melancholy*
Overlook a space of flowers,

And the silent isle imbowers

The Lady of Shalott.

move gently

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd

20

The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd

Tennyson was very fond of such alliteration

Skimming down to Camelot:

But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,

The Lady of Shalott?



Only reapers, reaping early
 In among the bearded barley,
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly 30
 From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot:
 And by the moon the reaper weary,
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
 Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott.'

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
 A magic web with colours gay.
 She has heard a whisper say,
 A curse is on her if she stay 40
 To look down to Camelot.
 She knows not what the curse may be,
 And so she weaveth steadily,
 And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

*lived in the
 mid of shadow
 & had no touch
 in reality.*

And moving thro' a mirror clear
 That hangs before her all the year,
 Shadows of the world appear.
 There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot: 50
 There the river eddy whirls,
 And there the surly village-churls,
 And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.



Sometimes a troop of damsels glad, *maidens*.
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
 And sometimes thro' the mirror blue . 60
 The knights come riding two and two:
 She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

These shadows reflect reality but it cannot give full knowledge of outward world.
 But in her web she still delights
 To weave the mirror's magic sights,
 For often thro' the silent nights
 A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot:

Here we have the of Lady's intense desire for reality

Or when the moon was overhead,
 Came two young lovers lately wed; 70
 'I am half sick of shadows,' said
 The Lady of Shalott.

In the first two parts we have a vague, pale picture, because it is the picture of shadows. But when he comes to the third part the description becomes vigorous as it is the description of reality.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
 He rode between the barley-sheaves,
 The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
 A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
 To a lady in his shield,
 That sparkled on the yellow field, 80
 Beside remote Shalott.



The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
 Like to some branch of stars we see
 Hung in the golden Galaxy.

*The diction used
 in the mind part
 is different from
 that in other parts.*

The bridle bells rang merrily

As he rode down to Camelot:

And from his blazon'd baldric slung a *tell ornamented*
 A mighty silver bugle hung,

And as he rode his armour rung,

Beside remote Shalott.

90

All in the blue unclouded weather
 Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
 The helmet and the helmet-feather
 Burn'd like one burning flame together,

As he rode down to Camelot.

As often thro' the purple night, *mention of colour*
 Below the starry clusters bright,

Some bearded meteor, trailing light,

Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd; 100

On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;

From underneath his helmet flow'd

His coal-black curls as on he rode, *mention of colour*

As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river

He flash'd into the crystal mirror,

'Tirra lirra,' by the river

Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,

She made three paces thro' the room, 110

She saw the water-lily bloom,

She saw the helmet and the plume,

She look'd down to Camelot.



Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining, 120
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance 130
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
'Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot; 140



And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.

For ere she reach'd upon the tide 150
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame, 160
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:

But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, 'She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace, 170
The Lady of Shalott.'



LORD TENNYSON

181

IN MEMORIAM

CXXV

i

Whatever I have said or sung
Some bitter notes my harp would give,
Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live
A contradiction on the tongue,

ii

Yet Hope had never lost her youth;
She did but look through dimmer eyes;
Or Love but play'd with gracious lies,
Because he felt so fix'd in truth:

iii

And if the song were full of care,
He breathed the spirit of the song;
And if the words were sweet and strong
He set his royal signet there;

10

iv

Abiding with me till I sail
To seek thee on the mystic deeps,
And this electric force, that keeps
A thousand pulses dancing, fail.



CXXVI

i

Love is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

20

ii

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

iii

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

CXXVII

i

And all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm,

30



ii

Proclaiming social truth shall spread,
And justice, ev'n tho' thrice again
The red fool-fury of the Seine
Should pile her barricades with dead.

iii

But ill for him that wears a crown,
And him, the lazar, in his rags :
They tremble, the sustaining crags ;
The spires of ice are toppled down,

40

iv

And molten up, and roar in flood ;
The fortress crashes from on high,
The brute earth lightens to the sky,
And the great Æon sinks in blood,

v

And compass'd by the fires of Hell ;
While thou, dear spirit, happy star,
O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,
And smilest, knowing all is well.



CXXVIII

i

The love that rose on stronger wings,
Unpalsied when he met with Death, 50
Is comrade of the lesser faith
That sees the course of human things.

ii

No doubt vast eddies in the flood
Of onward time shall yet be made,
And throned races may degrade;
Yet O ye mysteries of good,

iii

Wild Hours that fly with Hope and Fear,
If all your office had to do
With old results that look like new;
If this were all your mission here, 60

iv

To draw, to sheathe a useless sword,
To fool the crowd with glorious lies,
To cleave a creed in sects and cries,
To change the bearing of a word,



v

To shift an arbitrary power,
To cramp the student at his desk,
To make old bareness picturesque
And tuft with grass a feudal tower;

vi

Why then my scorn might well descend
On you and yours. I see in part
That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil cöoperant to an end.

70

CXXIX

i

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near in woe and weal;
O loved the most, when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher;

ii

Known and unknown; human, divine;
Sweet human hand and lips and eye;
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine;

80



iii

' Strange friend, past, present, and to be;
Loved deeplier, darklier understood;
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.

CXXX

i

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

ii

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:

99

iii

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.



iv

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die. 100

CXXXI

i

O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

ii

That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust,

iii

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved 110
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

Tennyson as a poet of nature:-



THE PALACE OF ART

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.
I said, "O Soul, make merry and carouse,
Dear soul, for all is well."

A huge crag-platform, smooth as burnish'd brass,
I chose. The ranged ramparts bright
From level meadow-bases of deep grass
Suddenly scaled the light.

Thereon I built it firm. Of ledge or shelf
The rock rose clear, or winding stair. 10
My soul would live alone unto herself
In her high palace there.

And "while the world runs round and round," I said,
"Reign thou apart, a quiet king,
Still as, while Saturn whirls, his stedfast shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring."

'To which my soul made answer readily:
"Trust me, in bliss I shall abide
In this great mansion, that is built for me,
So royal-rich and wide." 20



Four courts I made, East, West and South and North,
In each a squared lawn, wherefrom
The golden gorge of dragons spouted forth
A flood of fountain-foam.

And round the cool green courts there ran a row
Of cloisters, branch'd like mighty woods,
Echoing all night to that sonorous flow
Of spouted fountain-floods.

And round the roofs a gilded gallery
That lent broad verge to distant lands, 30
Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky
Dipt down to sea and sands.

From those four jets four currents in one swell
Across the mountain stream'd below
In misty folds, that floating as they fell
Lit up a torrent-bow.

And high on every peak a statue seem'd
To hang on tiptoe, tossing up
A cloud of incense of all odour steam'd
From out a golden cup. 40

So that she thought, "And who shall gaze upon
My palace with unblinded eyes,
While this great bow will waver in the sun,
And that sweet incense rise?"



For that sweet incense rose and never fail'd,
And, while day sank or mounted higher,
The light aerial gallery, golden-rail'd,
Burnt like a fringe of fire.

Likewise the deep-set windows, stain'd and traced,
Would seem slow-flaming crimson fires 50
From shadow'd grots of arches interlaced,
And tipt with frost-like spires.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Full of long-sounding corridors it was,
That over-vaulted grateful gloom,
Thro' which the livelong day my soul did pass,
Well-pleased, from room to room.

Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,
All various, each a perfect whole
From living Nature, fit for every mood
And change of my still soul. 60

For some were hung with arras green and blue,
Showing a gaudy summer-morn,
Where with puff'd cheek the belted hunter blew
His wreathed bugle-horn.

One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand,
And some one pacing there alone,
Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,
Lit with a low large moon.



One show'd an iron coast and angry waves.
You seem'd to hear them climb and fall 70
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves,
Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a full-fed river winding slow
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow-streaks of rain.

And one, the reapers at their sultry toil.
In front they bound the sheaves. Behind
Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,
And hoary to the wind. 80

And one, a foreground black with stones and slags,
Beyond, a line of heights, and higher
All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,
And highest, snow and fire.

And one, an English home—gray twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace.

Nor these alone, but every landscape fair,
As fit for every mood of mind, 90
Or gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern, was there,
Not less than truth design'd.

* . * * *
* * * * *



Or the maid-mother by a crucifix,
In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,
Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx
Sat smiling, babe in arm.

Or in 'a clear-wall'd city on the sea,
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
Wound with white roses, slept St. Cecily:
An angel look'd at her.

100

Or thronging all one porch of Paradise,
A group of Houris bow'd to see
The dying Islamite, with hands and eyes
That said, We wait for thee.

Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son
In some fair space of sloping greens
Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,
And watch'd by weeping queens.

Or hollowing one hand against his ear,
To list a foot-fall, ere he saw
The wood-nymph, stay'd the Ausonian king to hear
Of wisdom and of law.

110

Or over hills with peaky tops engrail'd,
And many a tract of palm and rice,
'The throne of Indian Cama slowly sail'd
A summer fann'd with spice.



Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasp'd,
From off her shoulder backward borne:
From one hand droop'd a crocus: one hand grasp'd
The mild bull's golden horn. 120

Or else flush'd Ganymede, his rosy thigh
Half-buried in the Eagle's down,
Sole as a flying star shot thro' the sky
Above the pillar'd town.

Nor these alone: but every legend fair
Which the supreme Caucasian mind
Carved out of Nature for itself, was there,
Not less than life, design'd.

* * * *

* * * *

Then in the towers I placed great bells that swung,
Moved of themselves, with silver sound; 130
And with choice paintings of wise men I hung
The royal dais round.

For there was Milton like a seraph strong,
Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild;
And there the world-worn Dante grasp'd his song,
And somewhat grimly smiled.



And there the Ionian father of the rest;
A million wrinkles carved his skin;
A hundred winters snow'd upon his breast,
From cheek and throat and chin.

140

Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately-set
Many an arch high up did lift,
And angels rising and descending met
With interchange of gift.

Below was all mosaic choicely plann'd
With cycles of the human tale
Of this wide world, the times of every land
So wrought, they will not fail.

The people here, a beast of burden slow,
Toil'd onward, prick'd with goads and stings; 150
Here play'd a tiger, rolling to and fro
The heads and crowns of kings;

Here rose an athlete, strong to break or bind
All force in bonds that might endure,
And here once more like some sick man declined,
And trusted any cure.

But over these she trod: and those great bells
Began to chime. She took her throne:
She sat betwixt the shining Oriels,
To sing her songs alone.

160

And thro' the topmost Oriels' colour'd flame
Two godlike faces gazed below;
Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam;
The first of those who know.



And all those names, that in their motion were
Full-welling fountain-heads of change,
Betwixt the slender shafts were blazon'd fair
In diverse raiment strange:

Thro' which the lights, rose, amber, emerald, blue, 170
Flush'd in her temples and her eyes,
And from her lips, as morn from Memnon, drew
Rivers of melodies.

No nightingale delighteth to prolong
Her low preamble all alone,
More than my soul to hear her echo'd song
Throb thro' the ribbed stone;

Singing and murmuring in her feastful mirth,
Joying to feel herself alive, 180
Lord over Nature, Lord of the visible earth,
Lord of the senses five;

Communing with herself: "All these are mine,
And let the world have peace or wars,
"Tis one to me." She—when young night divine
Crown'd dying day with stars,

Making sweet close of his delicious toils—
Lit light in wreaths and anadems,
And pure quintessences of precious oils
In hollow'd moons of gems, 190

To mimic heaven; and clapt her hands and cried,
"I marvel if my still delight
In this great house so royal-rich, and wide,
Be flatter'd to the height.



“ O all things fair to sate my various eyes!
 O shapes and hues that please me well!
 O silent faces of the Great and Wise,
 My Gods, with whom I dwell!

“ O God-like isolation which art mine,
 I can but count thee perfect gain, 200
 What time I watch the darkening droves of swine
 That range on yonder plain.

“ In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin,
 They graze and wallow, breed and sleep;
 And oft some brainless devil enters in,
 And drives them to the deep.”

Then of the moral instinct would she prate
 And of the rising from the dead,
 As hers by right of full-accomplished Fate;
 And at the last she said: 210

“ I take possession of man's mind and deed.
 I care not what the sects may brawl.
 I sit as God holding no form of creed,
 But contemplating all.”

* * * *

* * * *

Full oft the riddle of the painful earth
 Flash'd thro' her as she sat alone,
 Yet not the less held she her solemn mirth,
 And intellectual throne.



And so she throve and prosper'd: so three years
She prosper'd: on the fourth she fell, 220
Like Herod, when the shout was in his ears,
Struck thro' with pangs of hell.

Lest she should fail and perish utterly,
God, before whom ever lie bare
The abysmal deeps of Personality,
Plagued her with sore despair.

When she would think, where'er she turn'd her sight,
The airy hand confusion wrought,
Wrote "Mene, mene," and divided quite
The kingdom of her thought. 230

Deep dread and loathing of her solitude
Fell on her, from which mood was born
Scorn of herself; again, from out that mood
Laughter at her self-scorn.

"What! is not this my place of strength," she said,
"My spacious mansion built for me,
Whereof the strong foundation-stones were laid
Since my first memory?"

But in dark corners of her palace stood
Uncertain shapes; and unawares 240
On white-eyed phantasms weeping tears of blood,
And horrible nightmares,

And hollow shades enclosing hearts of flame,
And, with dim fretted foreheads all,
On corpses three-months-old at noon she came,
That stood against the wall.



A spot of dull stagnation, without light
Or power of movement, seem'd my soul,
Mid onward-sloping motions infinite
Making for one sure goal.

250

A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand,
Left on the shore; that hears all night
The plunging seas draw backward from the land
Their moon-led waters white.

A star that with the choral starry dance
Join'd not, but stood, and standing saw
The hollow orb of moving Circumstance
Roll'd round by one fix'd law.

Back on herself her serpent pride had curl'd.
"No voice," she shriek'd in that lone hall, 260
"No voice breaks thro' the stillness of this world:
One deep, deep silence all!"

She, mouldering with the dull earth's mouldering
sod,

Inwrapt tenfold in slothful shame,
Lay there exiled from eternal God,
Lost to her place and name;

And death and life she hated equally,
And nothing saw, for her despair,
But dreadful time, dreadful eternity,
No comfort anywhere;

270

Remaining utterly confused with fears,
And ever worse with growing time,
And ever unrelieved by dismal tears,
And all alone in crime:



Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round
With blackness as a solid wall,
Far off she seem'd to hear the dully sound
Of human footsteps fall.

As in strange lands a traveller walking slow,
In doubt and great perplexity, 280
A little before moon-rise hears the low
Moan of an unknown sea;

And knows not if it be thunder or a sound
Of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry
Of great wild beasts; then thinketh, "I have found
A new land, but I die."

She howl'd aloud, "I am on fire within.
There comes no murmur of reply.
What is it that will take away my sin,
And save me lest I die?" 290

So when four years were wholly finished,
She threw her royal robes away.
"Make me a cottage in the vale," she said,
"Where I may mourn and pray.

"Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
So lightly, beautifully built:
Perchance I may return with others there
When I have purged my guilt."

**Robert Browning****TWO IN THE CAMPAGNA****I**

I wonder do you feel to-day
 As I have felt since, hand in hand.
We sat down on the grass, to stray
 In spirit better through the land,
This morn of Rome and May ?

II

For me, I touched a thought, I know,
 Has tantalized me many times,
(Like turns of thread the spiders throw
 Mocking across our path) for rhymes
To catch at and let go.

10

III

Help me to hold it! First it left
 The yellowing fennel, run to seed
There, branching from the brickwork's cleft,
 Some old tomb's ruin: yonder weed
Took up the floating weft,



IV

Where one small orange cup amassed
Five beetles,—blind and green they grope
Among the honey-meal: and last,
Everywhere on the grassy slope
I traced it. Hold it fast!

20

V

The Champaign with its endless fleece
Of feathery grasses everywhere!
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
An everlasting wash of air—
Rome's ghost since her decease.

VI

Such life here, through such lengths of hours,
Such miracles performed in play,
Such primal naked forms of flowers,
Such letting nature have her way
While heaven looks from its towers!

30

VII

How say you? Let us, O my dove,
Let us be unashamed of soul,
As earth lies bare to heaven above!
How is it under our control
To love or not to love?



VIII

I would that you were all to me,
You that are just so much, no more.
Nor yours nor mine, nor slave nor free!
Where does the fault lie? What the core
Of the wound, since wound must be? 40

IX

I would I could adopt your will,
See with your eyes, and set my heart
Beating by yours, and drink my fill
At your soul's springs,—your part, my part
In life, for good and ill.

X

No. I yearn upward, touch you close,
Then stand away. I kiss your cheek,
Catch your soul's warmth,—I pluck the rose
And love it more than tongue can speak—
Then the good minute goes. 50

XI

Already how am I so far
Out of that minute? Must I go
Still like the thistle-ball, no bar,
Onward, whenever light winds blow,
Fixed by no friendly star?



XII

Just when I seemed about to learn!

Where is the thread now? Off again!

The old trick! Only I discern—

Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn.

60

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER

I

the typical attitude of love.
I said—Then, Dearest, since 'tis so,
Since now at length my fate I know,
Since nothing all my love avails,

Since all, my life seemed meant for, fails,

Since this was written and needs must be—

My whole heart rises up to bless

Your name in pride and thankfulness!

Take back the hope you gave,—I claim

Only the memory of the same,

—And this beside, if you will not blame,

Your leave for one more last ride with me.

*last efforts to
love of love w
love is not such
I would be li
with not be*

*a word of work
3 w h*

10

last f

II

My mistress bent that brow of hers;

Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs = *raises objections*

When pity would be softening through,

Fixed me a breathing-while or two

15

*for one or 2 minutes the
thought that he was being*



A BOOK OF POEMS

With life or death in the balance: right!
The blood replenished me again;
My last thought was at least not vain:
I and my mistress, side by side
Shall be together, breathe and ride,
So one day more am I deified.

20

Who knows but the world may end tonight?

may be the
this is the
un-
love.

III

Hush! if you saw some western cloud
All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed
By many benedictions—sun's blessings.
And moon's and evening-star's at once—
And so, you, looking and loving best,
Conscious grew, your passion drew
Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star-shine too,
Down on you, near and yet more near,
Till flesh must fade for heaven was here!
Thus leant she and lingered—joy and fear!
Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

25

typical Keatsian phrase.
In the moment
of the body
and the soul
and the
soul
B - no sense.

IV

Love a typical line of B. & S.
a psychologist.

Then we began to ride. My soul
Smoothed itself out—a long-cramped scroll
Freshening and fluttering in the wind.
Past hopes already lay behind.

a roll 35
of paper.

What need to strive with a life awry?
Had I said that, had I done this,
So might I gain, so might I miss.
Might she have loved me? just as well
She might have hated,—who can tell!
Where had I been now if the worst befell?
And here we are riding, she and I.

40

at, just of time
of Browning

making a judgment of all the achievements



V

Fail I alone, in words and deeds?
 Why, all men strive and who succeeds?
 We rode; it seemed my spirit flew,
 Saw other regions, cities new,
 As the world rushed by on either side.
 I thought, (All labour, yet no less
 Bear up beneath their unsuccess.)
 Look at the end of work, contrast
 The petty done, the undone vast,
 This present of theirs with the hopeful past!
 I hoped she would love me: here we ride.

45

many upon
a V. few se

point in his o
the fir 50

a magnific
the rule - wh

was riding
of the wo
55

9w

comparison between himself
& others' ↑

VI

what ever they have
is nothing in compa
to what they have

of soul

What hand and brain went ever paired?
 What heart alike conceived and dared?
 What act proved all its thought had been?
 What will but felt the fleshly screen?
 We ride and I see her bosom heave.
 There's many a crown for who can reach.
 Ten lines, a statesman's life in each!
 The flag stuck on a heap of bones,
 A soldier's doing! what atones?
 They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones.

65

a dead hope

our work selb

then that sh

aspiration

the present lea

a life that w

to in the way

went

it's the active
ment of politics
are of the line
of politics
are all
upplies action
scent in
life. Paul-
away
near

My riding is better, by their leave.

Because he realised glory
during life-time, the ecstasy
of riding with her, where
they had to be content with
a few lines of epitaph.
VII

What does it all mean, poet? Well,

Your brains beat into rhythm, you tell

What we felt only; you expressed

You hold things beautiful the best,

a measure of
of 20 to 30
North
he pro is

the poet can expre

all men 70 feel

can not express



A BOOK OF POEMS

206

*frankly
the success gained
in life?*

And pace them in rhyme so, side by side.

'Tis something, nay 'tis much—but then,

Have you yourself what's best for men?

Are you—poor, sick, old ere your time—

Nearer one whit your own sublime

Than we who never have turned a rhyme?

Sing, riding's a joy! For me, I ride.

*and sense
life*

75

*He is measuring
success as it
meant in pro-
fessional life*

VIII

*for many
to him
for his art
ace to be*

*can never
e up to
standards
l were
antiful*

*at that
manifested
in the sculptor's art.*

And you, great sculptor—so, you gave

A score of years to Art, her slave,

And that's your Venus, whence we turn

To yonder girl that fords the burn!

You acquiesce, and shall I repine?

What, man of music, you grown grey

With notes and nothing else to say,

Is this your sole praise from a friend,

'Greatly his opera's strains intend,

But in music we know how fashions end!

I gave my youth; but we ride, in fine.

in the sculptor's art.

80

*agree.
a musician - but
we know how feel-
ion end in music
85
for it is hopeless
in his own life
but after death
no one is willing
to hear the old
music.*

IX

Who knows what's fit for us? Had fate

Proposed bliss here should sublimate

My being—had I signed the bond—

Still one must lead some life beyond,

Have a bliss to die with, dim-described.

This foot once planted on the goal,

This glory-garland round my soul,

95

See Could I descry such? Try and test!

I sink back shuddering from the quest.

Earth being so good, would Heaven seem best?

Now, Heaven and she are beyond this ride.

ROBERT BROWNING

207

X

And yet—she has not spoke so long!
 What if Heaven be that, fair and strong
 At life's best, with our eyes upturned
 Whither life's flower is first discerned,

100

We, fixed so, ever should so abide?
 What if we still ride on, we two
 With life for ever old yet new,
 Changed not in kind but in degree,
The instant made eternity,—

105

And Heaven just prove that I and she
 Ride, ride together, for ever ride?

110

- 2.1. Discuss Browning as a poet of love ^{as life} from these poems
 2. critical appreciation of the poem. How we
 is a characteristic poet of Browning.
 3. Browning's monologue, and philosophy of life
 phil. of life — his optimism — His optimism does
 exist in that life is full of happiness, but in
 sense that we should have both the happiness
 sorrow of life, in the contemplation of future

RABBI BEN EZRA

I

Grow old along with me!
 The best is yet to be,
 The last of life, for which the first was made:
 Our times are in His hand
 Who saith 'A whole I planned,
 Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be
 afraid!'

5



II

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed 'Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?'
Not that, admiring stars, 10
It yearned 'Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends,
transcends them all!'

III

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark! 15
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

IV

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed 20
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-
crammed beast?

V

Rejoice we are allied 25
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!



A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must
believe. 30

VI

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain; 35
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge
the throe!

VII

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be, 40
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i'
the scale.

VIII

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh hath soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play? 45
To man, propose this test—
Thy body' at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?



IX

Yet gifts should prove their use :
I own the Past profuse 50
Of power each side, perfection every turn :
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole ;
Should not the heart beat once 'How good to live
and learn?'

X

Not once beat 'Praise be Thine! 55
I see the whole design,
I, who saw Power, see now Love perfect too :
Perfect I call Thy plan :
Thanks that I was a man !
Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou
shalt do!' 60

XI

For pleasant is this flesh ;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest :
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold 65
Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best !

XII

Let us not always say
'Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole !'



ROBERT BROWNING

211

As the bird wings and sings, 70
Let us cry 'All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than
flesh helps soul!'

XIII

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term: 75
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a God though in the germ.

XIV

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone 80
Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to indue.

XV

Youth ended, I shall try 85
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old. 90



XVI

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the grey:
A whisper from the west
Shoots—' Add this to the rest, 95
Take it and try its worth: here dies another day.'

XVII

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
'This rage was right i' the main, 100
That acquiescence vain:
The Future I may face now I have proved the Past.'

XVIII

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day: 105
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

XIX

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth, 110
Toward making, than repose on aught found made;



So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedst age; wait death nor be
afraid!

XX

Enough now, if the Right. 115
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel
alone. 120

XXI

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the Past!
Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained, 125
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace
at last!

XXII

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes 130
Match me: we all surmise,
They, this thing, and I, that: whom shall my
soul believe?



XXIII

Not on the vulgar mass
Called 'work,' must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price; 135
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

XXIV

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb, 140
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the
man's amount:

XXV

Thoughts hardly to be packed 145
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher
shaped. 150

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EPILOGUE TO 'ASOLANDO',
1889

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think,
imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
—Being—who? 10

One who never turned his back but marched breast
forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry 'Speed,—fight on, fare ever
'There as here!' 20

THE BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB AT
SAINT PRAXED'S CHURCH

ROME, 15—.

Vanity, saith the preacher, vanity!
Draw round my bed: is Anselm keeping back?
Nephews—sons mine . . . ah God, I know not! Well—
She, men would have to be your mother once,
Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was!
What's done is done, and she is dead beside,
Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since,
And as she died so must we die ourselves,
And thence ye may perceive the world's a dream.
Life, how and what is it? As here I lie 10
In this state-chamber, dying by degrees,
Hours and long hours in the dead night, I ask
'Do I live, am I dead?' Peace, peace seems all.
Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace;
And so, about this tomb of mine. I fought
With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye know:
—Old Gandolf cozened me, despite my care;
Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner South
He graced his carrion with, God curse the same!
Yet still my niche is not so cramped but thence 20
One sees the pulpit o' the epistle-side,
And somewhat of the choir, those silent seats,
And up into the aery dome where live
The angels, and a sunbeam's sure to lurk:
And I shall fill my slab of basalt there,
And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,
With those nine columns round me, two and two,
The odd one at my feet where Anselm stands:
Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe
As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse., 30

—Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone,
Put me where I may look at him! True peach,
Rosy and flawless: how I earned the prize!
Draw close: that conflagration of my church
—What then? So much was saved if aught were
missed!

My sons, ye would not be my death? Go dig
The white-grape vineyard where the oil-press stood,
Drop water gently till the surface sink,
And if ye find . . . Ah God, I know not, I! . . .
Bedded in store of rotten fig-leaves soft, 40
And corded up in a tight olive-frail,
Some lump, ah God, of *lapis lazuli*,
Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,
Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast . . .
Sons, all have I bequeathed you, villas, all,
That brave Frascati villa with its bath,
So, let the blue lump poise between my knees,
Like God the Father's globe on both his hands
Ye worship in the Jesu Church so gay,
For Gandolf shall not choose but see and burst ! 50
Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our years:
Man goeth to the grave, and where is he?
Did I say basalt for my slab, sons? Black—
'Twas ever antique-black I meant! How else
Shall ye contrast my frieze to come beneath?
The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,
Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and perchance
Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,
The Saviour at his sermon on the mount,
Saint Praxed in a glory, and one Pan 60
Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off,
And Moses with the tables . . . but I know
Ye mark me not! What do they whisper thee,



Child of my bowels, Anselm? Ah, ye hope
To revel down my villas while I gasp
Ericked o'er with beggar's mouldy travertine
Which Gandolf from his tomb-top chuckles at!
Nay, boys, ye love me—all of jasper, then!
'Tis jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I grieve.
My bath must needs be left behind, alas! 70
One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut,
There's plenty jasper somewhere in the world—
And have I not Saint Praxed's ear to pray
Horses for ye, and brown Greek manuscripts,
And mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs?
—That's if ye carve my epitaph aright,
Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,
No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line—
Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his need!
And then how I shall lie through centuries, 80
And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
And see God made and eaten all day long,
And feel the steady candle-flame, and taste
Good strong thick stupefying incense-smoke!
For as I lie here, hours of the dead night,
Dying in state and by such slow degrees,
I fold my arms as if they clasped a crook,
And stretch my feet forth straight as stone can point,
And let the bedclothes, for a mortcloth, drop
Into great laps and folds of sculptor's-work: 90
And as yon tapers dwindle, and strange thoughts
Grow, with a certain humming in my ears,
About the life before I lived this life,
And this life too, popes, cardinals and priests,
Saint Praxed at his sermon on the mount,
Your tall pale mother with her talking eyes,
And new-found agate urns as fresh as day,

And marble's language, Latin pure, discreet,
 —Aha, ELUCESCEBAT quoth our friend?
 No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best! 100
 Evil and brief hath been my pilgrimage.
 All *lapis*, all, sons! Else I give the Pope
 My villas! Will ye ever eat my heart?
 Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick,
 They glitter like your mother's for my soul,
 Or ye would heighten my impoverished frieze,
 Piece out its starved design, and fill my vase
 With grapes, and add a vizor and a Term,
 And to the tripod ye would tie a lynx
 That in his struggle throws the thyrsus down, 110
 To comfort me on my entablature
 Whereon I am to lie till I must ask
 'Do I live, am I dead?' There, leave me, there!
 For ye have stabbed me with ingratitude
 To death—ye wish it—God, ye wish it! Stone—
 Gritstone, a-crumble! Clammy squares which sweat
 As if the corpse they keep were oozing through—
 And no more *lapis* to delight the world!
 Well, go! I bless ye. Fewer tapers there,
 But in a row: and, going, turn your backs 120
 —Ay, like departing altar-ministrants,
 And leave me in my church, the church for peace,
 That I may watch at leisure if he leers—
 Old Gandolf, at me, from his onion-stone,
 As still he envied me, so fair she was!



Matthew Arnold

TO MARGUERITE

Yes! in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone*.
The islands feel the enclaspings flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights,
And they are swept by balms of spring,
And in their glens, on starry nights,
The nightingales divinely sing; 10
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
Across the sounds and channels pour;

Oh! then a longing like despair
Is to their farthest caverns sent;
For surely once, they feel, we were
Parts of a single continent!
Now round us spreads the watery plain—
Oh might our marges meet again!

Who order'd, that their longing's fire
Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd? 20
Who renders vain their deep desire?—
A God, a God their severance ruled;
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.



SHAKESPEARE (1849)

*Other great men*Others abide our question—Thou art free!

We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,

Out-topping knowledge! For the loftiest hill

That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,

Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-
place,

Spares but the cloudy border of his base

To the foil'd searching of mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams
know,Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-
secure,

Didst tread on earth unguess'd at. Better so!

(All pains the immortal spirit must endure,

All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,

Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.)

*Comparison
the majesty and
majesty of the
hill and the
god majesty
of Shakespeare**10
95 maybe compar
wordsworth's "lo"*

THYRSIS

A MONODY, to commemorate the author's friend,
ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, who died at Florence, 1861

Thus yesterday, to-day, to-morrow come,
They hustle one another and they pass;
But all our hustling morrows only make
The smooth to-day of God.

From Lucretius, an unpublished Tragedy.

How changed is here each spot man makes or fills!
In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same;
The village-street its haunted mansion lacks,



And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,
And from the roofs the twisted chimney-stacks—
Are ye too changed, ye hills?
See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men
To-night from Oxford up your pathway strays!
Here came I often, often, in old days—
Thyrsis and I; we still had Thyrsis then. 10

Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,
Past the high wood, to where the elm-tree crowns
The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames?
The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs,
The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful
Thames?—

This winter-eve is warm,
Humid the air! leafless, yet soft as spring,
The tender purple spray on copse and briers!
And that sweet city with her dreaming spires,
She needs not June for beauty's heightening. 20

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night!—
Only, methinks, some loss of habit's power
Befalls me wandering through this upland dim.
Once pass'd I blindfold here, at any hour,
Now seldom come I, since I came with him.
That single elm-tree bright
Against the west—I miss it! is it gone?
We prized it dearly; while it stood, we said,
Our friend, the Gipsy-Scholar, was not dead;
While the tree lived, he in these fields lived on. 30

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here,
But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick;
And with the country-folk acquaintance made
By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.

Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assay'd.

Ah me! this many a year

My pipe is lost, my shepherd's-holiday!

Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart

Into the world and wave of men depart;

But Thyrsis of his own will went away. 40

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.

He loved each simple joy the country yields,

He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,

For that a shadow lower'd on the fields,

Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.

Some life of men unblest

He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head.

He went; his piping took a troubled sound

Of storms that rage outside our happy ground;

He could not wait their passing, he is dead! 50

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,

When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,

Before the roses and the longest day—

When garden-walks and all the grassy floor

With blossoms, red and white, of fallen May,

And chestnut-flowers are strewn—

So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,

From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,

Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:

The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I. 60

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?

Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,

Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,

Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,

Sweet-William with its homely cottage-smell,

And stocks in fragrant blow;



Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star. 70

He hearkens not! light comer, he is flown!
What matters it? next year he will return,
And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,
And scent of hay new-mown.
But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see;
See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,
And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—
For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee. 80

Alack, for Corydon no rival now!—
But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,
Some good survivor with his flute would go,
Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate,
And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,
And relax Pluto's brow,
And make leap up with joy the beauteous head
Of Proserpine, among whose crownèd hair
Are flowers first open'd on Sicilian air,
And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the
dead. 90

O easy access to the hearer's grace,
When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine!
For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,
She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,

She knew each lily white which Enna yields,
 Each rose with blushing face;
 She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain.
 But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!
 Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirr'd;
 And we should tease her with our plaint in vain! 100
 Well! wind-dispersed and vain the words will be,
 Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour
 In the old haunt, and find our tree-topp'd hill!
 Who, if not I, for questing here hath power?
 I know the wood which hides the daffodil,
 I know the Fyfield tree,
 I know what white, what purple fritillaries
 The grassy harvest of the river-fields,
 Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,
 And what sedged brooks are Thames's
 tributaries; 110
 I know these slopes; who knows them if not I?—
 But many a dingle on the loved hill-side,
 With thorns once studded, old, white-blossom'd
 trees,
 Where thick the cowslips grew, and far desried,
 High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises,
 Hath since our day put by
 The coronals of that forgotten time;
 Down each green bank hath gone the ploughboy's
 team,
 And only in the hidden brookside gleam
 Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime. 120
 Where is the girl, who by the boatman's door,
 Above the locks, above the boating throng,
 Unmoor'd our skiff when through the Wytham
 flats,



Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among
And darting swallows and light water-gnats,
We track'd the shy Thames shore?
Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell
Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,
Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass?—
They all are gone, and thou art gone as well! 130

Yes, thou art gone! and round me too the night
In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.
I see her veil draw soft across the day,
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with
grey;

I feel her finger light
Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train;—
The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring
again. 140

And long the way appears, which seem'd so short
To the unpractised eye of sanguine youth;
And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,
The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,
Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and bare!
Unbreachable the fort
Of the long-batter'd world uplifts its wall;
And strange and vain the earthly turmoil grows,
And near and real the charm of thy repose,
And night as welcome as a friend would fall. 150

But hush! the upland hath a sudden loss
Of quiet!—Look, adown the dusk hill-side,
A troop of Oxford hunters going home,

As in old days, jovial and talking, ride!
From hunting with the Berkshire hounds they
come.

Quick! let me fly, and cross
Into yon farther field!—'Tis done; and see,
Back'd by the sunset, which doth glorify
The orange and pale violet evening-sky,
Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree! the Tree! 160

I take the omen! Eve lets down her veil,
The white fog creeps from bush to bush about,
The west unflushes, the high stars grow bright,
And in the scatter'd farms the lights come out.
I cannot reach the signal-tree to-night,
Yet, happy omen, hail!
Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno vale
(For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep
The morningless and unawakening sleep
Under the flowery oleanders pale); 170

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our tree is there!—
Ah, vain! These English fields, this upland dim,
These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,
That lone, sky-pointing tree, are not for him.
To a boon southern country he is fled,
And now in happier air,
Wandering with the great Mother's train divine
(And purer or more subtle soul than thee,
I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see)
Within a folding of the Apennine, 180

Thou hearest the immortal strains of old!—
Putting his sickle to the perilous grain,
In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian king,



For thee the Lityerses song again
Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing;
Sings his Sicilian fold,
His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes—
And how a call celestial round him rang,
And heavenward from the fountain-brink he
sprang,
And all the marvel of the golden skies. 190

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here
Sole in these fields! yet will I not despair.
Despair I will not, while I yet descry
'Neath the soft canopy of English air
That lonely tree against the western sky.
Still, still these slopes, 'tis clear,
Our Gipsy-Scholar haunts, outliving thee!
Fields where the sheep from cages pull the hay,
Woods with anemones in flower till May,
Know him a wanderer still; then why not me? 200

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,
Shy to illumine; and I seek it too.
This does not come with houses or with gold,
With place, with honour, and a flattering crew;
'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold—
But the smooth-slipping weeks
Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired;
Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,
He wends unfollow'd, he must house alone;
Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired. 210

Thou too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wert bound;
Thou wanderedst with me for a little hour!
Men gave thee nothing, but this happy quest,



If men esteem'd thee feeble, gave thee power,
If men procured thee trouble, gave thee rest.
And this rude Cumner ground,
Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet fields,
Here cam'st thou in thy jocund youthful time,
Here was thine height of strength, thy golden
prime!
And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields. 220

What though the music of thy rustic flute
Kept not for long its happy, country tone;
Lost it too soon and learnt a stormy note
Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,
Which task'd thy pipe too sore, and tired thy
throat—

It fail'd, and thou wert mute.
Yet hadst thou alway visions of our light,
And long with men of care thou couldst not stay,
And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way,
Left human haunt, and on alone till night. 230

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!
'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of yore,
Thyrsis! in reach of sheep-bells is my home.
Then through the great town's harsh, heart-wearying
roar,

Let in thy voice a whisper often come,
To chase fatigue and fear:
Why faintest thou? I wander'd till I died.
Roam on! the light we sought is shining still.
Dost thou ask proof? Our tree yet crowns the
hill,
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hill-side. 240

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

SUNSET WINGS (published in his second period of production)

To-night this sunset spreads two golden wings

Cleaving the western sky;

Winged too with wind it is, and winnowings

Of birds; (as if the day's last hour in rings

Of strenuous flight must die) Everything is seeking with a vigorous motion as it is die.

Sun-steeped in fire, the homeward pinions sway

Above the dovecote-tops; tree-top

And clouds of starlings, ere they rest with day,

Sink, clamorous like mill-waters, at wild play,

By turns in every copse:

10

Each tree heart-deep the wrangling rout receives,—

Save for the whirr within,

You could not tell the starlings from the leaves;

Then one great puff of wings, and the swarm heaves

Away with all its din.

Even thus Hope's hours, in ever-eddying flight,

To many a refuge tend;

With the first light she laughed, and the last light

Glow round her still; who nathless in the night

At length must make an end.

20

And now the mustering rooks innumerable

Together sail and soar,

While for the day's death, like a tolling knell,

Unto the heart they seem to cry, Farewell,

No more, farewell, no more!



Is Hope not plumed, as 'twere a fiery dart?
And oh! thou dying day,
Even as thou goest must she too depart,
And Sorrow fold such pinions on the heart
As will not fly away?

30

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

The blesséd damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

10

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.



(To one, it is ten years of years.
 . . . Yet now, and in this place, 20
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
 Fell all about my face . . .
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
 The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
 That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
 The which is Space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
 She scarce could see the sun. 30

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
 Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
 With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
 Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly, some of her new friends
 Amid their loving games,
Spake evermore, among themselves,
 Their virginal chaste names; 40
And the souls mounting up to God
 Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
 Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
 The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep.
 Along her bended arm.



From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce 50
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together. 60

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd? 70
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;
We will step down as to a stream,
And bathe there in God's sight."



" We two will stand beside that shrine,
 Occult, withheld, untrod,
 Whose lamps are stirred continually
 With prayer sent up to God;
 And see our old prayers, granted, melt
 Each like a little cloud.

80

" We two will lie i' the shadow of
 That living mystic tree
 Within whose secret growth the Dove
 Is sometimes felt to be,
 While every leaf that His plumes touch
 Saith His Name audibly.

90

" And I myself will teach to him,
 I myself, lying so,
 The songs I sing here; which his voice
 Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
 And find some knowledge at each pause,
 Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
 Yea, one wast thou with me
 That once of old. But shall God lift
 To endless unity
 The soul whose likeness with thy soul
 Was but its love for thee ?)

100

" We two," she said, " will seek the groves
 Where the lady Mary is,
 With her five handmaidens, whose names
 Are five sweet symphonies,
 Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen.
 Margaret and Rosalys.

" Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
 And foreheads garlanded; 110
 Into the fine cloth white like flame
 Weaving the golden thread,
 To fashion the birth-robcs for them
 Who are just born, being dead.

" He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:
 Then will I lay my cheek
 To his, and tell about our love,
 Not once abashed or weak:
 And the dear Mother will approve
 My pride, and let me speak. 120

" Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
 To Him round whom all souls
 Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
 Bowed with their aureoles:
 And angels meeting us shall sing
 To their citherns and citoles.

" There will I ask of Christ the Lord
 Thus much for him and me:—
 Only to live as once on earth
 With Love,—only to be, 130
 As then awhile, for ever now
 Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,
 Less sad of speech than mild,—
 " All this is when he comes." She ceased.
 The light thrilled towards her, fill'd
 With angels in strong level flight.
 Her eyes prayed, and she smil'd.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres:
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

140

SILENT NOON

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,—
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and
 glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup-fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn-hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.

Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky:— 10
So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

Algernon Charles Swinburne

' SPRING SPEAKS AGAIN '

Spring speaks again, and all our woods are stirred,
 And all our wide glad wastes aflower around,
 That twice have heard keen April's clarion sound
 Since here we first together saw and heard
 Spring's light reverberate and reiterate word
 Shine forth and speak in season. Life stands
crowned

Here with the best one thing it ever found,
 As of my soul's best birthdays dawns the third.

There is a friend that as the wise man saith
 Cleaves closer than a brother: nor to me 10
 Hath time not shown, through days like waves
at strife,
 This truth more sure than all things else but death,
 This pearl most perfect found in all the sea
 That washes toward your feet these waifs of life.

(From *Tristram of Lyonesse*)

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

Here, where the world is quiet;
 Here, where all trouble seems
 Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
 In doubtful dreams of dreams;



I watch the green field growing 5
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest-time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter, 10
And men that laugh and weep;
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers 15
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbour,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labour,
Weak ships and spirits steer; 20
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice, 25
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine,
Pale beds of blowing rushes,
Where no leaf blooms or blushes 30
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.



Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber 35
All night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and mist abated
Comes out of darkness morn. 40

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses, 45
His beauty clouds and closes;
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands 50
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
To men that mix and meet her 55
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn; 60
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put' to scorn.



- There go the loves that wither, 65
The old loves with wearier wings;
And all dead years draw thither,
And all disastrous things;
Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken, 70
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs.
- We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure;
To-day will die to-morrow; 75
Time stoops to no man's lure;
And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure. 80
- From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever; 85
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.
- Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light: 90
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight:
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal 95
In an eternal night.
-



A MATCH

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or grey grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune, 10
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather 20
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons



And tears of night and morrow
 And laughs of maid and boy; 30
 If you were thrall to sorrow,
 And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
 And I were lord in May,
 We'd throw with leaves for hours
 And draw for days with flowers,
 Till day like night were shady
 And night were bright like day;
 If you were April's lady,
 And I were lord in May. 40

If you were queen of pleasure,
 And I were king of pain,
 We'd hunt down love together,
 Pluck out his flying-feather,
 And teach his feet a measure,
 And find his mouth a rein;
 If you were queen of pleasure,
 And I were king of pain.

Thomas Hardy

AFTERWARDS

When the present has latched its postern behind ^{back-door}
 my tremulous stay, ^{shadowy, uncertain.}
 And the May month flaps its glad green leaves ^{as a bird.} like wings,
 Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the
 neighbours say,
 He was a man who used to notice such things '?

Handwritten notes:
 looked.
 Hardy was very witty
 it pleased by all writing
 he was too apt to need
 wing his life time
 always feared, like
 my old boots, like
 would be
 never
 then death
 not

Francis Thompson

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed
after.

But with unhurrying chase, 10
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
“All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.”

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities;
(For, though I knew His love Who followèd,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside);
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to.
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars



And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
I said to dawn, Be sudden; to eve, Be soon; 30
With thy young skyey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover!
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet, 40
The long savannahs of the blue;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They clanged His chariot 'thwart a heaven,
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn
o' their feet:—
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.

Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat— 50
“ Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter
Me.”

I sought no more that after which I strayed
In face of man or maid;
But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that replies,
They at least are for me, surely for me!
I turned me to them very wistfully; :



- But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
 With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair. 60
“Come then, ye other children, Nature’s—share
With me” (said I) “your delicate fellowship;
 Let me greet you lip to lip,
 Let me twine with you caresses,
 Wantoning
 With our Lady-Mother’s vagrant tresses,
 Banqueting
 With her in her wind-walled palace,
 Underneath her azured daïs,
 Quaffing, as your taintless way is, 70
 From a chalice
 Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring.”
 So it was done:
I in their delicate fellowship was one—
Drew the bolt of Nature’s secrecies.
I knew all the swift importings
 On the wilful face of skies;
 I knew how the clouds arise
 Spumèd of the wild sea-snortings;
 All that’s born or dies 80
 Rose and drooped with—made them shapers
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine—
 With them joyed and was bereaven.
 I was heavy with the even,
 When she lit her glimmering tapers
 Round the day’s dead sanctities.
 I laughed in the morning’s eyes.
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
 Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine; 90

Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
 I laid my own to beat,
 And share commingling heat;
 But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
 In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek.
 For ah! we know not what each other says,
 These things and I; in sound *I* speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.
 Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;
 Let her, if she would owe me, 100
 Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
 The breasts o' her tenderness:
 Never did any milk of hers once bless
 My thirsting mouth.
 Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
 With unperturbèd pace,
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
 And past those noisèd Feet
 A Voice comes yet more fleet—
 "Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not
 Me." 110

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
 My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
 And smitten me to my knee;
 I am defenceless utterly.
 I slept, methinks, and woke,
 And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
 In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
 I shook the pillaring hours
 And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,
 I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years— 120
 My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.



My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.

Yea, faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
For earth, with heavy griefs so overplussed.

Ah! is Thy love indeed 130
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?

Ah! must—
Designer infinite!—
Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn
with it?

My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;
And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever
From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful branches of my mind. 140
Such is; what is to be?

The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?
I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity;
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsèd turrets slowly wash again;
But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound

With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned; 150
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.
Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields
Be dunged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit
 Comes on at hand the bruit;
 That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:
 "And is thy earth so marred,
 Shattered in shard on shard?
 Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me! 160
 Strange, piteous, futile thing,
 Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
 Seeing none but I makes much of naught" (He said),
 "And human love needs human meriting:
 How hast thou merited—
 Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
 Alack, thou knowest not
 How little worthy of any love thou art!
 Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
 Save Me, save only Me? 170
 All which I took from thee I did but take,
 Not for thy harms,
 But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
 All which thy child's mistake
 Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
 Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"

Halts by me that footfall:
 Is my gloom, after all,
 Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
 "Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest, 180
 I am He Whom thou seekest!
 Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."



DAISY

Where the thistle lifts a purple crown
Six foot out of the turf,
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—
O the breath of the distant surf!—

The hills look over on the South,
And southward dreams the sea;
And with the sea-breeze hand in hand
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry
Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle, childish things.

10

She listened with big-lipped surprise,
Breast-deep 'mid flower and spine:
Her skin was like a grape whose veins
Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake,
Nor knew her own sweet way;
But there's never a bird, so sweet a song
Thronged in whose throat that day.

20

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
On the turf and on the spray;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day!



Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face.

She gave me tokens three:—

A look, a word of her winsome mouth,

And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,

A still word,—strings of sand!

30

And yet they made my wild, wild heart

Fly down to her little hand.

For standing artless as the air,

And candid as the skies,

She took the berries with her hand,

And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end,

Their scent survives their close:

But the rose's scent is bitterness

To him that loved the rose.

40

She looked a little wistfully,

Then went her sunshine way:—

The sea's eye had a mist on it,

And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,

She went and left in me

The pang of all the partings gone,

And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul

Was sad that she was glad;

50

At all the sadness in the sweet,

The sweetness in the sad.



: Still, still I seemed to see her, still
Look up with soft replies,
And take the berries with her hand,
And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
That is not paid with moan;
For we are born in other's pain,
And perish in our own.

60

Alfred Edward Housman

TELL ME NOT HERE

Tell me not here, it needs not saying,
What tune the enchantress plays
In aftermaths of soft September
Or under blanching mays,
For she and I were long acquainted
And I knew all her ways.

On russet floors, by waters idle,
The pine lets fall its cone;
The cuckoo shouts all day at nothing
In leafy dells alone;
And traveller's joy beguiles in autumn
Hearts that have lost their own.

10



On acres of the seeded grasses
The changing burnish heaves;
Or marshalled under moons of harvest
Stand still all night the sheaves;
Or beeches strip in storms for winter
And stain the wind with leaves.

Possess, as I possessed a season,
The countries I resign, 20
Where over elmy plains the highway
Would mount the hills and shine,
And full of shade the pillared forest
Would murmur and be mine.

For nature, heartless, witless nature,
Will neither care nor know
What stranger's feet may find the meadow
And trespass there and go,
Nor ask amid the dews of morning
If they are mine or no. 30

William Butler Yeats

THE STOLEN CHILD

Where dips the rocky highland
Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,
There lies a leafy island
Where flapping herons wake
The drowsy water-rats;
There we've hid our faery vats,



Full of berries
And of reddest stolen cherries.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild 10
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than
you can understand.

Where the wave of moonlight glosses
The dim gray sands with light,
Far off by furthest Rosses
We foot it all the night,
Weaving olden dances,
Mingling hands and mingling glances
Till the moon has taken flight;
To and fro we leap 20
And chase the frothy bubbles,
While the world is full of troubles
And is anxious in its sleep.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than
you can understand.

Where the wandering water gushes
From the hills above Glen-Car,
In pools among the rushes 30
That scarce could bathe a star,
We seek for slumbering trout
And whispering in their ears



Give them unquiet dreams;
 Leaning softly out
 From ferns that drop their tears
 Over the young streams.
 Come away, O human child!
 To the waters and the wild
 With a faery, hand in hand, 40
 For the world's more full of weeping than
 you can understand.

Away with us he's going,
 The solemn-eyed:
 He'll hear no more the lowing
 Of the calves on the warm hillside
 Or the kettle on the hob
 Sing peace into his breast,
 Or see the brown mice bob
 Round and round the oatmeal-chest.
 For he comes, the human child, 50
 To the waters and the wild
 With a faery, hand in hand,
 From a world more full of weeping than
 he can understand.

THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE *9x is a place in*

The trees are in their autumn beauty,
 The woodland paths are dry,
 Under the October twilight the water
 Mirrors a still sky;
 Upon the brimming water among the stones
 Are nine-and-fifty swans.

the world seems mystical and mysterious.
 17-1895 E.T.

*Here is an evocation
 atmosphere of wild
 The contrast is very
 bright. Everything
 around him is bright
 clear. But the swan
 symbolizes his
 fallen spirit and
 contrasted with
 surroundings.*



The nineteenth autumn has come upon me
 Since I first made my count;
 I saw, before I had well finished,
 All suddenly mount
 And scatter wheeling in great broken rings
 Upon their clamorous wings.

He gets a kind of
 fatigue.

10

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,
 And now my heart is sore.
 All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,
 The first time on this shore,
 The bell-beat of their wings above my head,
 Trod with a lighter tread.

Here is the contrast
 between birds' birth
 and poet's solitude.

He is talking of the after-world
 of the west.

central idea of this poem

(Unwearied still, lover by lover,
 They paddle in the cold
 Companionable streams or climb the air;
 Their hearts have not grown old;
 Passion or conquest, wander where they will,
 Attend upon them still.)

Age cannot wither them.
 The swans are emblem of eternity,
 symbol of immortality.

Most important sentence

20

It is the poet's own frustration
 which has been crystallized in this
 line.

But now they drift on the still water,
 Mysterious, beautiful;
 Among what rushes will they build,
 By what lake's edge or pool
 Delight men's eyes when I awake some day
 To find they have flown away?

this stillness is quite
 in harmony with the
 twilight atmosphere

they will

Remain somewhere, because
 they are the symbol of
 eternity and immortality.

birds are
 not mortal
 they are not civilized
 like man
 in weeping
 for
 old

this is the poet's own frustration
 which has been crystallized in this
 line.

He had the faculty of bridging the vast
between reality & fantasy & dreaming & w



His lyrical **WALTER DE LA MARE**

259

quality as well as the strange enchant
of a haunted place can be found. He is conscious
existence of the other world side by side with everyd

"every imaginative poetry must
give expression to dreamy....."

Walter de la Mare

a philosophic symbol

THE LISTENERS

significant, charac
poem - natural
- natural
has been
- ex

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champ'd the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Lean'd over and look'd into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the
dark stair,

economiz
- essin & power
suggestion

10

only descript
the Traveller, eve
else is left v

That goes down to the empty hall,
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word," he said.

fusion of the two w
20
natural + supe



Never the least stir made the listeners,
 Though every word he spake
 Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still
 house

30

From the one man left awake:
 Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
 And the sound of iron on stone,
 And how the silence surged softly backward,
 When the plunging hoofs were gone.

Bring out the dream-like quality of the poem.

MUSIC

When music sounds, gone is the earth I know,
 And all her lovely things even lovelier grow;
 Her flowers in vision flame, her forest trees,
 Lift burdened branches, stilled with ecstasies.

When music sounds, out of the water rise
 Naiads whose beauty dims my waking eyes,
 Rapt in strange dream burns each enchanted face,
 With solemn echoing stirs their dwelling-place.

When music sounds, all that I was I am
 Ere to this haunt of brooding dust I came;
 While from Time's woods break into distant song
 The swift-winged hours, as I hasten along.

10



EVENING

When twilight darkens, and one by one,
The sweet birds to their nests have gone,
When to green banks the glow-worms bring
Pale lamps to brighten evening;
Then stirs in his thick sleep the owl
Through the dewy air to prowl.

Hawking the meadow swiftly he flits,
While the small mouse a-trembling sits
With tiny eye of fear upcast
Until his brooding shape be past,
Hiding her where the moonbeams beat,
Casting black shadows in the wheat.

10

Now all is still: the field-man is
Lapped deep in slumbering silentness.
Not a leaf stirs, but clouds on high
Pass in dim flocks across the sky,
Puffed by a breeze too light to move
Aught but these wakeful sheep above.

O, what an arch of light now spans
These fields by night no longer Man's!
Their ancient Master is abroad,
Walking beneath the moonlight cold:
His presence is the stillness. He
Fills earth with wonder and mystery.

20



POSTED

Dreám after dream I see the wrecks that lie
Unknown of man, unmarked upon the charts,
Known of the flat-fish with the withered eye,
And seen by women in their aching hearts.

World-wide the scattering is of those fair ships
That trod the billow tops till out of sight:
The cuttle mumbles them with horny lips,
The shells of the sea-insects crust them white.

In silence and in dimness and in greenness
Among the indistinct and leathery leaves 10
Of fruitless life they lie among the cleanness.
Fish glide and flit, slow under-movement heaves:

But no sound penetrates, not even the lunge
Of live ships passing, nor the gannet's plunge.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

FLANNAN ISLE

' Though three men dwell on Flannan Isle
To keep the lamp alight,
As we steer'd under the lee, we caught
No glimmer through the night.'

A passing ship at dawn had brought
The news ; and quickly we set sail
To find out what strange thing might ail.
The keepers of the deep-sea light.



The winter day broke blue and bright,
With glancing sun and glancing spray,
While o'er the swell our boat made way,
As gallant as a gull in flight.

10

But as we near'd the lonely Isle
And look'd up at the naked height,
And saw the lighthouse towering white
With blinded lantern that all night
Had never shot a spark
Of comfort through the dark,
So ghostly in the cold sunlight
It seem'd that we were struck the while
With wonder all too dread for words.

And, as into the tiny creek
We stole, beneath the hanging crag
We saw three queer black ugly birds—
Too big, by far, in my belief,
For cormorant or shag—
Like seamen sitting bolt-upright
Upon a half-tide reef:
But, as we near'd, they plunged from sight,
Without a sound or spurt of white:

30

And still too mazed to speak,
We landed and made fast the boat
And climb'd the track in single file,
Each wishing he were safe afloat
On any sea, however far,
So it be far from Flannan Isle:

And still we seem'd to climb and climb,
 As though we'd lost all count of time,
 And so must climb for evermore.
 Yet, all too soon, we reached the door— 40
 The black, sun-blister'd lighthouse door
 That gaped for us ajar.

As, on the threshold, for a spell
 We paused, we seem'd to breathe the smell
 Of limewash and of tar,
 Familiar as our daily breath,
 As though 'twere some strange scent of death:
 And so, yet wondering, side by side,
 We stood a moment, still tongue-tied:
 And each with black foreboding eyed 50
 The door ere we should fling it wide
 To leave the sunlight for the gloom:
 Till, plucking courage up, at last,
 Hard on each other's heels we pass'd
 Into the living-room.

Yet, as we crowded through the door,
 We only saw a table spread
 For dinner, meat and cheese and bread;
 But all untouch'd and no one there:
 As though, when they sat down to eat, 60
 Ere they could even taste,
 Alarm had come; and they in haste
 Had risen and left the bread and meat
 For at the table-head a chair
 Lay tumbled on the floor.



We listen'd: but we only heard
The feeble cheeping of a bird
That starved upon its perch:
And, listening still, without a word,
We set about our hopeless search.

70

We hunted high, we hunted low;
And soon ransack'd the empty house;
Then o'er the Island, to and fro,
We ranged, to listen and to look
In every cranny, cleft or nook
That might have hid a bird or mouse:
But, though we search'd from shore to shore,
We found no sign in any place:
And soon again stood face to face
Before the gaping door:
And stole into the room once more
As frighten'd children steal.

80

Ay, though we hunted high and low,
And hunted everywhere,
Of the three men's fate we found no trace
Of any kind in any place,
But a door ajar, and an untouch'd meal,
And an overtoppled chair.

And as we listen'd in the gloom
Of that forsaken living-room—
A chill clutch on our breath—
We thought how ill-chance came to all
Who kept the Flannan Light:
And how the rock had been the death
Of many a likely lad:

90



How six had come to a sudden end
And three had gone stark mad:
And one whom we'd all known as friend
Had leapt from the lantern one still night,
And fallen dead by the lighthouse wall— 100
And long we thought
On the three we sought,
And on what might yet befall.

Like curs, a glance has brought to heel,
We listen'd, flinching there,
And look'd, and look'd, on the untouch'd meal,
And the overtoppled chair.

We seem'd to stand for an endless while,
Though still no word was said,
Three men alive on Flannan Isle, 110
Who thought on three men dead.

David Herbert Lawrence

THE SHIP OF DEATH

I

Now it is autumn and the falling fruit
and the long journey towards oblivion.

The apples falling like great drops of dew
to bruise themselves an exit from themselves.



And it is time to go, to bid farewell
to one's own self, and find an exit
from the fallen self.

II

Have you built your ship of death, O have you ?
O build your ship of death, for you will need it.

The grim frost is at hand, when the apples will fall 10
thick, almost thundrous, on the hardened earth.

And death is on the air like a smell of ashes !
Ah ! can't you smell it ?
And in the bruised body, the frightened soul
finds itself shrinking, wincing from the cold
that blows upon it through the orifices.

III

And can a man his own quietus make
with a bare bodkin ?

With daggers, bodkins, bullets, man can make
a bruise or break of exit for his life;
but is that a quietus, O tell me, is it quietus ?

20

Surely not so ! for how could murder, even self-
murder
ever a quietus make ?



IV

O let us talk of quiet that we know.
that we can know, the deep and lovely quiet
of a strong heart at peace!

How can we this, our own quietus, make?

V

Build then the ship of death, for you must take
the longest journey, to oblivion.

And die the death, the long and painful death 30
that lies between the old self and the new.

Already our bodies are fallen, bruised, badly bruised,
already our souls are oozing through the exit
of the cruel bruise.

Already the dark and endless ocean of the end
is washing in through the breaches of our wounds,
already the flood is upon us.

Oh build your ship of death, your little ark
and furnish it with food, with little cakes, and wine
for the dark flight down oblivion. 40

VI

Piecemeal the body dies, and the timid soul
has her footing washed away, as the dark flood rises.



We are dying, we are dying, we are all of us dying
and nothing will stay the death-flood rising within us
and soon it will rise on the world, on the outside
world.

We are dying, we are dying, piecemeal our bodies
are dying
and our strength leaves us,

and our soul cowers naked in the dark rain over
the flood,
cowering in the last branches of the tree of our life.

VII

We are dying, we are dying, so all we can do 50
is now to be willing to die, and to build the ship
of death to carry the soul on the longest journey.

A little ship, with oars and food
and little dishes, and all accoutrements
fitting and ready for the departing soul.

Now launch the small ship, now as the body dies
and life departs, launch out, the fragile soul
in the fragile ship of courage, the ark of faith
with its store of food and little cooking pans
and change of clothes, 60
upon the flood's black waste
upon the waters of the end
upon the sea of death, where still we sail
darkly, for we cannot steer, and have no port.



There is no port, there is nowhere to go,
only the deepening blackness darkening still
blacker upon the soundless, ungurgling flood
darkness at one with darkness, up and down
and sideways utterly dark, so there is no direction
any more,
and the little ship is there; yet she is gone. 20
She is not seen, for there is nothing to see her by.
She is gone! gone! and yet
somewhere she is there.
Nowhere!

VIII

And everything is gone, the body is gone
completely under, gone, entirely gone.
The upper darkness is heavy as the lower,
between them the little ship
is gone.

It is the end, it is oblivion. 80

IX

And yet out of eternity a thread
separates itself on the blackness,
a horizontal thread
that fumes a little with pallor upon the dark.

Is it illusion? or does the pallor fume
A little higher?
Ah wait, wait, for there's the dawn,
the cruel dawn of coming back to life
out of oblivion.



Wait, wait, the little ship
drifting, beneath the deathly ashy grey
of a flood-dawn.

90

Wait, wait! even so, a flush of yellow
and strangely, O chilled wan soul, a flush of rose.

A flush of rose, and the whole thing starts again.

X

The flood subsides, and the body, like a worn sea-
shell

emerges strange and lovely.

And the little ship wings home, faltering and
lapsing

on the pink flood,

and the frail soul steps out, into the house again 100
filling the heart with peace.

Swings the heart renewed with peace
even of oblivion.

Oh build your ship of death. Oh build it!
for you will need it.

For the voyage of oblivion awaits you.
It is not easy to die, O it is not easy
to die the death.

For death comes when he will
not when we will him.

110

And we can be dying, dying, dying
and longing utterly to die
yet death will not come.



And the sailors bound and threw him down
 Among those wrathful towers to drown.
 And oh, far best,' the gardener said,
 ' Like fruits to lie in your kind bed,—
 'To sleep as snug as in the grave
 In your kind bed, and shun the wave,
 Now ever sigh for a strange land
 And songs no heart can understand.'

30

Wilfred Owen

SPRING OFFENSIVE

very vivid
 kind of soldier
 they
 a very
 life
 death
 story
 Halted against the shade of a last hill, *it represents the coming death.*
 They fed, and, lying easy, were at ease *paradoxical.*
 And, finding comfortable chests and knees,
 Carelessly slept. But many there stood still, *He wants to bring out some contrast in order to emphasise the horror of war.*
 To face the stark, blank sky beyond the ridge.
 Knowing their feet had come to the end of the world. *very poetic.*

millions lives
 a sense of
 life contrast
 with the fear
 of death.
 Marvelling they stood, and watched the long
 grass swirled
 By the May breeze, murmurous with wasp and midge,
 For though the summer oozed into their veins
 Like an injected drug for their bodies' pains, 10
 Sharp on their souls hung the imminent line of grass,
 Fearfully flashed the sky's mysterious glass.

In every line there is the contrast very poetically shown. Here Owen like many other poets states the link between nature and war.



Hour after hour they ponder the warm field—
 And the far valley behind, where the buttercup
 Had blessed with gold their slow boots coming up,
 Where even the little brambles would not yield,
 But clutched and clung to them like sorrowing hands;
 They breathe like trees unstirred.

*the soldiers were weeping
 very much*

*Here whole of
 is it sympathy
 the soldiers
 would not let
 soldiers go
 in crowded
 human end*

Till like a cold gust thrills the little word
 At which each body and its soul begird
 And tighten them for battle. No alarms

20

Of bugles, no high flags, no clamorous haste—
 Only a lift and flare of eyes that faced
 The sun, like a friend with whom their love is done.
 O larger shone that smile against the sun,—
 Mightier than his whose bounty these have spurned.

*because during war,
 according
 the sun can
 us life and
 but now ex
 sun cannot
 for key sign
 the sun.*

So, soon they topped the hill, and raced together
 Over an open stretch of herb and heather
 Exposed. And instantly the whole sky burned
 With fury against them; earth set sudden cups
 In thousands for their blood; and the green slope
 Chasmed and steepened sheer to infinite space.

*key try to keep the
 the key is the war
 blood-red
 30
 bending and*

*Each
 seems very
 winged
 and needed
 times for soldiers*

very ironically he tells the results of the after-war

Of them who running on that last high place
 Leapt to swift unseen bullets, or went up
 On the hot blast and fury of hell's upsurge,
 Or plunged and fell away past this world's verge
 Some say God caught them even before they fell.

*this is how people poetize, for they
 see in the home and do not see the severity of war*

*very ironic
 seed.*



*romantic aspect
warfare
engaged with
allies and opponents*

*presence of
war*

*way ending
incognito*

War makes a person very disillusioned. When he returns from war he is changed. For he sees the brutality of war, the death of his friends. Hence he remains silent and never idealises war. The few brave soldiers who are survived will be remembered for their cruelty and inhuman treatment for their self-preserving nature, and not for any glorious act.

(But what say such as from existence' brink
Ventured but drave too swift to sink. *he wants to show the
gross-side of war.*
The few who rushed in the body to enter hell, 46
And there out-fiending all its fiends and flames)
With superhuman inhumanities, *extremely cruel for
self-preservation.*
Long-famous glories, immemorial shames—
And crawling slowly back, have by degrees
Regained cool peaceful air in wonder—
Why speak not they of comrades that went under?

ASLEEP

Under his helmet, up against his pack.
After the many days of work and waking,
Sleep took him by the brow and laid him back.
And in the happy no-time of his sleeping,
Death took him by the heart. There was a quaking
Of the aborted life within him leaping . . .
Then chest and sleepy arms once more fell slack.
And soon the slow, stray blood came creeping
From the intrusive lead, like ants on track.

.....

Whether his deeper sleep lie shaded by the shaking 10
Of great wings, and the thoughts that hung the stars,
High-pillowed on calm pillows of God's making
Above these clouds, these rains, these sleets of lead,



Far off like floating seeds the ships
 Diverge on urgent voluntary errands;
 And the full view
 Indeed may enter
 And move in memory as now these clouds do,
 That pass the harbour mirror 20
 And all the summer through the water saunter.

‘ IT’S NO USE RAISING A SHOUT ’

It’s no use raising a shout.
 No, Honey, you can cut that right out.
 I don’t want any more hugs;
 Make me some fresh tea, fetch me some rugs.
 Here am I, here are you:
 But what does it mean? What are we going to do?

A long time ago I told my mother
 I was leaving home to find another:
 I never answered her letter
 But I never found a better. 10
 Here am I, here are you:
 But what does it mean? What are we going
 to do?

It wasn’t always like this?
 Perhaps it wasn’t, but it is.
 Put the car away; when life fails,
 What’s the good of going to Wales?
 Here am I, here are you:
 But what does it mean? What are we going
 to do?



In my spine there was a base;
And I knew the general's face :
But they've severed all the wires,
And I can't tell what the general desires.
Here am I, here are you :
But what does it mean? What are we going
to do?

20

In my veins there is a wish,
And a memory of fish :
When I lie crying on the floor,
It says, 'You've often done this before.'
Here am I, here are you :
But what does it mean? What are we going
to do?

A bird used to visit this shore :
It isn't going to come any more.
I've come a very long way to prove
No land, no water, and no love.
Here am I, here are you :
But what does it mean? What are we going
to do?



Stephen Spender

' I THINK CONTINUALLY OF THOSE '

I think continually of those who were truly great.
Who, from the womb, remembered the soul's history
Through corridors of light where the hours are suns
Endless and singing. Whose lovely ambition
Was that their lips, still touched with fire,
Should tell of the Spirit clothed from head to foot in
song.

And who hoarded from the Spring branches
The desires falling across their bodies like blossoms.

What is precious is never to forget
The essential delight of the blood drawn from
ageless springs 10
Breaking through rocks in worlds before our earth.
Never to deny its pleasure in the morning simple light
Nor its grave evening demand for love.
Never to allow gradually the traffic to smother
With noise and fog the flowering of the spirit.

Near the snow, near the sun, in the highest fields
See how these names are fêted by the waving grass
And by the streamers of white cloud
And whispers of wind in the listening sky.
The names of those who in their lives fought for life 20
Who wore at their hearts the fire's centre.
Born of the sun they travelled a short while
towards the sun,
And left the vivid air signed with their honour.

THE LANDSCAPE NEAR AN AERODROME

More beautiful and soft than any moth
 With burring furred antennae feeling its huge path
 Through dusk, the air-liner with shut-off engines
 Glides over suburbs and the sleeves set trailing tall
 To point the wind. Gently, broadly, she falls
 Scarcely disturbing charted currents of air.

Lulled by descent, the travellers across sea
 And across feminine land indulging its easy limbs
 In miles of softness, now let their eyes trained by
 watching
 Penetrate through dusk the outskirts of this town 10
 Here where industry shows a fraying edge.
 Here they may see what is being done.

Beyond the winking masthead light
 And the landing-ground, they observe the outposts
 Of work: chimneys like lank black fingers
 Or figures frightening and mad: the squat buildings
 With their strange air behind trees, like women's
 faces
 Shattered by grief. Here where few houses
 Moan with faint light behind their blinds
 They remark the unhomely sense of complaint,
 like a dog 20
 Shut out and shivering at the foreign moon.

In the last sweep of love, they pass over fields
 Behind the aerodrome, where boys play all day
 Hacking dead grass: whose cries, like wild birds,
 Settle upon the nearest roofs
 But soon are hid under the loud city.



Then, as they land, they hear the tolling bell
Reaching across the landscape of hysteria
To where, larger than all the charcoaled batteries
And imaged towers against that dying sky, 30
Religion stands, the church blocking the sun.
